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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JANUARY 1919

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MONTHLY

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L. B. Lippmann

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Classic American Literature (iii)

D. H. Lawrence

Impressionism at Ruhleben

Archibald Welland

Spiritualism and its New Revelations (iii)

Bernard Sickert

The Promise

Walter de la Mare

New Weapons and Disarmament

Hugh Pollard

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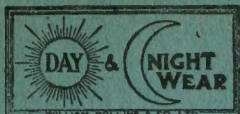
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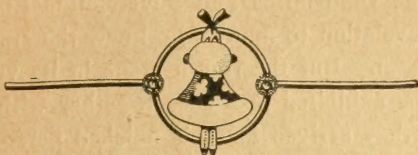
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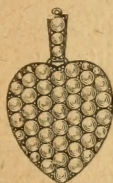
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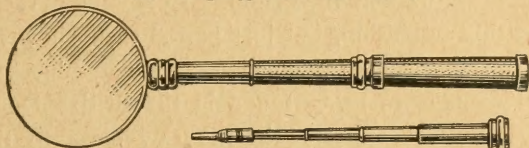
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Advertisement Supplement

Ex- hibition of Diamonds

Q Diamonds will have a new interest to women who know that they are cut and polished by disabled soldiers and sailors. An exhibition recently held at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Regent Street, was a revelation to many who knew the stone only as a refined, polished gem. But the rough stone in its very dull state from the mine was exhibited in a case together with others in various stages until they arrived at their finished perfection of sparkle and brilliance. There were some magnificent specimens on view, pure white stones, yellow, pink, and a wonderful blue, and all these had been cut and polished by the disabled men at Brighton. For those who liked to see how the thing was actually done there was a machine with an expert in attendance. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no financial interest in this exhibition, but just placed their showrooms at the disposal of Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer. Ninety-nine per cent. of all rough diamonds are being found in the British Dominions, yet all this wealth was exported in the raw state to the Continent to be polished, and the wages were consequently lost to the British working-man. Millions of pounds' worth of these diamonds were then sent back to this country in the cut state, and bought by the British public. It was stated to be impossible for anyone but Continental workmen to do this fine work, and it was also said that it was in-bred, and had to be handed down family to family. This is absolutely incorrect; the work has to be done mathematically correct, and what any foreigner can do can be done as well, if not better, by the British workman. In any case, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer has proved that it can be done, and the diamonds that are being cut by these legless sailors and soldiers can be submitted to the finest experts, who will, even if they are hostile critics, have to admit that the cutting and polishing is absolutely perfect, and that unless they were specially told where the stones were manufactured they could not tell the difference. By the end of last year 500 men were working at Brighton, and by the end of June 2,000 will be. Their progress is phenomenal, and the rejections are under 5 per cent. That is to say, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer reserved himself the right, with the Ministry of Pensions, to send away any man after one month's trial, and he had not to use this prerogative save in very isolated cases, which is a record compared with any other training scheme of whatever kind for disabled men. The wages the men will earn will compare favourably with those in any other centres of industry, and when the 2,000 men are at



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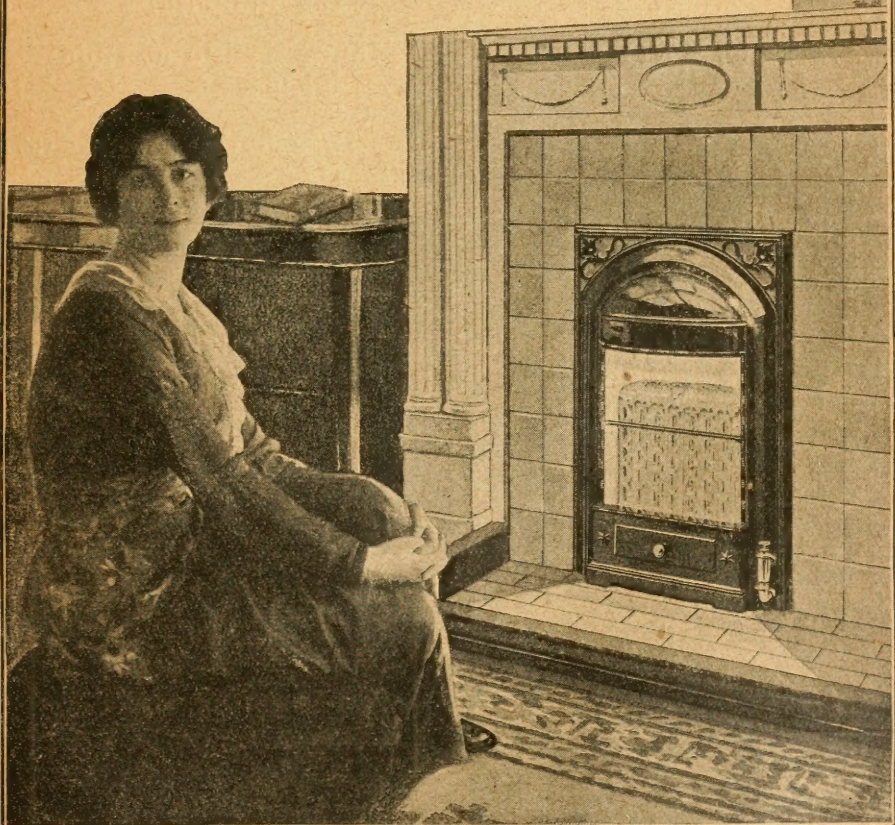
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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APHORISMS PERSONIFIED

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

VULGARITY is the vogue. It is possible to vulgarise oneself on refinement, but it is preferable to refine oneself on vulgarity. And contracting a fashionable disease, I am impelled to operate aphoristically.

Truth has become a stranger. It is therefore almost as amusing to write the truth as to listen to a good lie. I lead an amusing life.

I occasionally converse truthfully, but it requires much explaining, and—the day is so short.

I am inundated with understanding. "Your views are splendid, but, of course, you will wind up in prison." So writes a soldier. "You must be a Christ-like character," writes another of my innumerable correspondents. But my intimates tell me that they do not agree with either.

I am neither Bolshevik nor Carmelite. I aspire to higher things.

I relish the doubt whether the war will make the world safe for Democracy, Bureaucracy, or Shamrockcracy.

My views on any subject can be stated in five words, "I disagree with most people." This is no proof of insanity.

National ideals are not merely beautiful in conception; they are the subtlest argument to empower the conscription of liberty.

War brings the most affluent emotions to inhuman nature. Should you doubt this, question the Brewers and the Bureaucrats.

Pessimists say "The good die young," Optimists say "The Young die! Good!"

When the profiteer is asked, "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" he will be able to answer proudly, "I did well."

It is more logical for sterile spinsters to theorise on love than for childless men to dogmatise on the future of "our children."

Old men in armchairs have little regard for veracity. We hear them saying, "We have

*"Love's Revolt"*

won the war"; why not "They"? Or is it an erroneous impression that the young men in the trenches had something to do with it?

I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate caviare and a Rolls-Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally.

If one accepts Christianity heaven must now be overflowing with young men. Hell will fill-up later when the old men die—naturally.

My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure.

Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness.

Unless handicapped by education, it is not really difficult to become a millionaire if one is unscrupulous, but it impairs the mental and physical digestion.

War-time increases should be anything but a boast, but from 1909 to 1914 the business of Pope and Bradley increased 1,000 per cent. So appearances convict me of commercialism. But no credit is due for commercial success. It only requires an ordinary intelligence. This may, of course, read as a reflection on the average intelligence. 14 Old Bond St., W. 1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1919

Leave

By C. Neville Brand, Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R.

MAY Heaven be praised
That I can snatch these finely sifted hours
Of swiftest pleasure
From the grasping hand of Fate,
Who sits with his new-joined partner Mars
To measure
Our meagre rationings of happiness,
Giving to some a short respite from mud,
From cold, dead things,
Or from the eager sea
That licks expectantly the shelving beach,
Whose ribboned weed is strangely now displaced
By wire entanglements.

See how the generous curve of Regent Street
Lies all inviting, open to the eyes
Of those that love her, but whose banishment
Bids them reside in bitter lands and strange.
While Bond Street, like a crevice in the hills,
Hides at the bases of its towering walls
Jewels and things of loveliness displayed
Like fairy treasures.
And then, the people of this dream
Are beautiful, more lovely far than once
They were in days when London's joys
Were not compressed in hasty fleeting hours,
Whose dirge is sung by a slow, grinding train
That daily drags away to other lands
Cargoes of weary men, whose drowsy thoughts
Are laden with treasures
Greater than all the galleons of old Spain
Could ever bear across the windy seas;
The happy memories of leave well spent,
Of a few hours of happiness and ease.

Pierrot Speaks

By Kenelm Foss

GIVE me your hands, my sweet !
This is our hour.
See, I kneel at your feet,
My bird ! My flower !
Mark how by yonder tree
The red sun dips. . . .
Dearest, draw nearer me.
Dearest—your lips !

Sunset is Lovers' time :
This the right place :
Ah ! How our spirits rhyme
As we embrace !
Up through the deep'ning dusk
Love's own breeze blows,
Wafting us scent of musk,
Lilac and rose.
There is nor time nor space
As we cling close !
Passionate lovers and grey clouds above :
Virginal lilac and red rose of love.
Ah ! More than earthly bliss !
Who else can know
Any such joy as this ?
Gently, beloved, kiss !
Let the world go !

(A silence: then he speaks anew.)

Give me your lips again !
And yet—not so. . . .
Love always ends in pain :
Passion will leave its stain :
Sweet, while our hopes remain,
Banish Pierrot !
Leave me ! Seek to forget
All that has been :

No harm has touched you yet,
My saint, my queen!
Fly ere it is too late:
'Twere better so:
Later you'd learn to hate
Faithless Pierrot.

Weep not! My heart must break
To see your tears:
'Tis but for your own sake
I raise your fears.
With others in the past
What troubled I?
To you, the best and last,
I must not lie.
Listen! I cannot love
But for a day.
If her soft heart I move,
Love flies away.
Love flies away from me:
Bides with her yet:
Are you content to be
One more regret?
One more of Pierrot's shames,
One of an hundred names
He will forget?

Despise me not, for in your heart you know
This was indeed true love, if I could let you go. . . .

(She goes, weeping. He cries to her, suddenly.)

Nay! 'Tis too hard a task
That we should part!
Each of us need but ask
Each tim'rous heart.
Now all that folly's done!
Let Wisdom slip!
Closer, my blessed one!
Lip upon lip.
How should poor lovers guess
What's best to do?
God pity me! And, yes . . .
God pity you!

Failure

By L. B. Lippmann

THE road was rough and very far the goal,
But, though my faith was sworn,—lo, I was weak
And lingered by the wayside; in my soul
A sudden sickness rose. I tried to speak
Your name, but I had seen how deep the scorn
In your clear eyes, and I lay down to rest
In pleasant places while you struggled on,—
For I was weak, and I gave up the quest.

And in the end shall ring no silver tone
Of bugles for my passing, and no wreath
Shall crown me, and all virgin in its sheath
My sword shall rust; and I shall be alone
Beneath the stars in a vast, empty land;
Nor will there be the comfort of your hand.

Song

By Cadet Harold Hill

COME as a tremulous fabric of sleep,
My love unknown,
Tho' as a night-mist on the deep,
By the wild wind blown,
Thou should'st flee away
At dawn o' day,

The ceaseless question in my heart
Would far have flown,
For I would know thee—who thou art;
And, if unknown,
My fate I'd greet,
When we should meet.

Studies in Classic American Literature (iii)

By D. H. Lawrence

HENRY ST. JOHN DE CRÉVECŒUR.

CRÉVECŒUR was born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century. As a boy he came over to England and received part of his education here. He went to Canada, served for a time there with the French in their war against the English, and later passed over into the United States, to become an exuberant American. He married a New England girl, and established himself as a farmer. In this period he wrote his "Letters from an American Farmer," a series of delightful egoistic accounts of his own ideal existence as an American citizen. He came to France, and whilst he was there his far-off home was burnt and his wife a fugitive in the American War of Independence. Returning to America, he entered into public and commercial life. Again in France, he was known as a *littérateur*, he frequented the literary *salons*, he was acquainted with Benjamin Franklin.

The "Letters" were very popular in England among the Romanticists, such as Shelley, Coleridge, Godwin. They are quaint and effusive and affected, according to the Jean Jacques Rousseau affectation of "natural simplicity" and "pristine emotion." To us they are often tiresome and foolish, mere effusions of romantic egoism. But Crèvecoeur had in him some of the stern stuff of an artist.

Franklin was the Son of Man, as we have produced him after two thousand years of effort, from the Archetype. Crèvecoeur also is a Son of Man. That is, his whole character has been produced by the human will, through the course of Christian ages, produced according to a given idea. For two thousand years mankind was breeding the ideal type, the selfless and yet practical type. In the end we have the admirable little monster of a Franklin, produced by the Christian-ethical impulse, and we have Crèvecoeur, produced by the Christian-emotional impulse. They are the last two

instances of ethical England and emotional France, and together they make the complete American.

Two thousand years of breeding to type bred us our Shelley in England, our Rousseau in France, our Franklin and our Crèvecoeur in America. Shelley and Rousseau, Franklin and Crèvecoeur, these are the two halves of the one whole. The whole duality, of body and soul, matter and spirit, is here again exemplified. Shelley and Franklin conceive of themselves in terms of pure abstraction, pure spirit, pure mathematical reality. But Rousseau and Crèvecoeur exist in terms of emotion and sensation. And surely this is the duality of spiritual and sensual being, spirit and senses, soul and body, mind and matter.

As a matter of fact, this duality does exist, in all our living, in all our experience. Before thought takes place, before the brain is awake in the small infant, the body is awake and alive, and in the body the great nerve centres are active, active both in knowing and in asserting. This knowledge is not mental, it is what we may call first-consciousness. Now our first consciousness is seated, not in the brain, but in the great nerve centres of the breast and the bowels, the cardiac plexus and the solar plexus. Here life first seethes into active impulse and consciousness, the mental understanding comes later. In the infant, life is wildly active. Yet we cannot say it is mentally so. The great nerve centres of the upper part of the body, and the great nerve centres of the lower part of the body, these are awake first, these send out the first impulses and gestures, these contain the first-knowledge, the root-knowledge. Mental consciousness is only resultant from this. From this duality in first-consciousness, this duality in root-knowledge, arises the subsequent oneness and wholeness of full mental consciousness.

But all the time, and all through life, we are primarily creatures of dual consciousness, the duality of the upper and lower nerve centres, active in first-consciousness; and then, subsequently, we are single and whole in full mental consciousness. As long as we live our first-knowledge is dual, of the upper and lower body. The strange consummation into oneness, of the final understanding, which consummates the upper and the lower knowledge into one third pure state of wholeness, whole understanding, this only comes from a fulfilment in the duality.

We state the duality as the duality of our upper and lower body. The great nerve centre in the breast—called by the

ancients the heart—this is the centre of our dynamic spiritual consciousness, our spiritual being; and the great plexus in the bowels is the centre of our dynamic sensual consciousness.

We know, if we but think for a moment of our own immediate experience, that the breast is the dynamic centre of the great, passionate, selfless spiritual love; and that in the bowels lies the dark and unfathomable vortex of our sensual passion, sensual love.

We are creatures of duality, in the first place. Our oneness is subsequent. As creatures of duality we issue from the unknown, the creative unknown which precedes us, and must for ever precede us. Beginning with the tiny infant, like a flower that opens, the breast and the eyes unfurl to the earth and the sky, to enter into a selfless communion. The breast opens day by day, and the life goes forth from it, the mysterious emanation, to be at one with the sky and the world; then the eyes also open, and the spirit goes forth through them, seeing and beholding, till the I, the self, has passed into the living universe to be at one with it, one and whole. And then this body, this breast, is but a socket or cup for the unfolded flower of the infinite cosmos.

This is the process of my upper, or spiritual, consummation. It begins in the tiny child as it lies against its mother, or waves its arms from the wonder-centre of the breast. And it culminates in us all, in every man according to his degree: in the great love of humanity, in the love of landscape, in the love of light itself.

Correspondingly, within the bowels lies the burning source of the sensual consciousness. Here the Self is positive and centripetal. Here I am I, darkly and fiercely sentient. Here I am dark-centric, all that is not me roams outside, looming, wonderful, imminent, perilous—but wonderful and unknown. And from this centre I draw all things into me, that they enter in passional communion into my self, become one with me, an increase and a magnificence in my self. This is the process of my sensual becoming, which culminates at last in the great dark glory of real almightiness, all things being added unto me for my power and perfection, wherein I am whole and infinite, that infinite which has been symbolised as a point.

The process of this sensual fulfilment begins in the tiny infant, when instinctively it carries everything to its mouth, to absorb the mysterious mouth and abdominal knowledge of the unknown thing, carry this unknown in a communion of

most intimate contact, into the self; and when the child stirs mysteriously, as it hears new sounds, again receiving new impressions in the dark, sensual self, untranslatable; and when it quivers so delicately to a new touch. This is the beginning of the process of sensual fulfilment, which ends only in that strange, supreme passion, when the "I" is singly consummate and almighty, in supreme possession of the All.

This every man experiences, according to his degree, in the dark magnificence of sensual love, and in the single, rich splendour of the positive "I," the self paramount, that moves undiminished in a contributed universe. Every man, according to his degree, knows this consummation, the consummation which he lives for: for this, as well as for the other, spiritual consummation.

The third and last state is when I am fulfilled in both the great dynamic ways of consciousness, and am free, a free being. Then I need not compel myself in either of the two directions, I need not strive after either consummation, but can accept the profound impulse, as it issues from the incalculable soul, act upon it spontaneously; and can, moreover, speak and know and be, uttering myself as a tree in full flower utters itself. There is no real self-expression till there is a whole consummation.

Shelley sought for the pure spiritual consummation, that alone. It is probable the Egyptians once knew the pure sensual consummation, that alone. Franklin, however, had reached the point where he wished to translate what is really a passional culmination into an established state, what is a great dynamic condition, into a static condition. He wanted to establish the laws of the spiritual state, as a fixed, mechanical thing. This can only be done, at last, by destroying the impulsive being, and a substituting of the laws of the mechanical universe. For we must draw the great distinction between the life-mystery, in which is the creative or God-mystery, and the mystery of Force and Matter. The creative mystery, which is in life, is utterly beyond control, beyond us, and before us. It is also beyond and before the whole material universe, beyond and before the great Forces. Life is not a Force. It is, and will ever remain, a mystery, a limit to our presumption. All attempt to subject life, and its inherent creative mystery, to the will of man, and to the laws of Force, is materialism and ultimate death.

Crèveœur and Franklin, however, both asserted the triumph of this materialism, the triumph of the will of man

and of the laws of the mechanical universe, over the creative mystery itself. But whereas Franklin's satisfaction was in selfless working for the good of mankind, Crèvecoeur had his satisfaction in his own emotional triumph in concord and production. Franklin lived in the breast, in so far as he had an impulsive or passionate life, Crèvecoeur in the bowels. Both were under the control of the same idea, the same mental prescription. But Crèvecoeur had his dynamic being in the sensual consciousness, whilst Franklin's dynamic being—such as it was—was in the spiritual consciousness. Crèvecoeur was an emotional idealist, the idea or ideal being the same as Franklin's.

Thus the "Letters from an American Farmer," affecting a naïve simplicity, are in reality most sophisticated. They tell of Crèvecoeur's struggles to establish his farm in the wilderness, of the beneficent help of his "amiable spouse," the joy of seating his infant son on the shafts of the plough, the happiness of helping a neighbour build a barn, the supreme satisfaction of finding himself a worthy and innocent member of a free community. But none of it is spontaneous emotion. It is all dictated from the head. "Now," says Crèvecoeur to himself, "I am a pure child of Nature, Nature sweet and pure." So he proceeds to luxuriate in his *rôle*, to find everything sweet and pure. "That is my spouse," he says, "amiable, sweet, and pure, a deep-breasted daughter of Nature, fountain of life." Thus she is a kind of living image of Crèvecoeur's own intention. That she was a woman, an individual, a being by herself could never occur to the American Farmer. She was an "amiable spouse," just as an oaken cupboard is an oaken cupboard. Likewise a little boy is a healthy offspring, and when this same healthy offspring is seated on his father's plough, the whole picture represents the children of Nature—sweet and pure—toiling in innocence and joy.

All this, as we see, is exactly according to prescription, it is life according to Man, not man according to Life. French romantic idealists prescribe this life, and American farmers proceed to exemplify it—not only American farmers, but Châteaubriand and Bernadin de St. Pierre and the most ridiculous François le Vaillant and even the Queen Marie Antoinette herself, playing dairymaid. The prescription still holds good: we still have Arcadians, simple life, and garden suburb. It is all a most artificial business of living according to prescription, keeping every impulse

strangled, and ending where it begins, in materialism pure and simple. For this subjecting life to a prescription, according to the will of man, is materialism itself. It is a subjecting of the creative or life-mystery to the material or mechanical, psychic-mechanical law.

Crêvecœur, however, is an artist as well as an emotional idealist. And an artist is never, in being an artist, an idealist. The artist lives and sees and knows direct from the life-mystery itself. He sees the creative unencompassable mystery in all its nakedness of impulse and gesture. And living, as he does, from the ego-centric centres, as an idealist, Crêvecœur as an artist lives from the great sensual centres, his art is in terms of the great sensual understanding, dark and rich and of that reserved, pagan tenderness to which we have almost lost the key.

In the sensual vision there is always the pause of fear, dark wonder, and glamour. The creature beheld is seen in its quality of *otherness*, a term of the vivid, imminent unknown. And the new knowledge enters in rich, dark thrills into the soul. In the thrill and pulse within the bowels I gather the new creature into myself, into blood knowledge, I encompass the unknown within the dominion of myself.

Thus all wild creatures are shy—even the fiercest. They are reluctant to let themselves be seen. This is not fear of physical hurt, but fear of being *known*. No free thing can bear to be encompassed by the psyche of another being, save, perhaps, in sheer fight or in sensual love. Thus Dmitri Karamazov, when he is exposed naked, is virtually killed. It is the encompassing and overthrow of the immune sensual being which he is. Thus it is hard to catch weasels, or any wild creatures, at play. No free creature willingly yields itself to the *touch* of another being. It cannot bear to be sensually encompassed. The true self is like a star which must preserve the circumambient darkness which gives to it its distinction and uniqueness. It must keep the splendid, vivid loneliness. Dawn only removes the gulf from between the stars, and makes them as nothing in the great one web of light, the universal sun-consciousness, the selfless spiritual being.

None the less, in the sensual mystery there is that impulse to trust or love which leads to lordship and empire. There is the impulse of the lesser sensual psyche to yield itself, where it trusts and believes, to the greater psyche, yielding in the great culminating process which unifies all life in one ges-

ture of magnificence. In this way we have acquired the domestic animals, which have yielded their psyche to us implicitly. In the same way the Egyptian pyramids were built, symbolic of the culminating process, the lesser life yielding and culminating, step by step, towards the apex of the God-King. In this same spirit of yielding and culminating, through dark faith, or trust, our mediæval cathedrals were erected: otherwise they never would have been erected. In the same way Napoleon, the last great leader, attained his brief ascendancy. It is necessary, before men can unite in one great living gesture, that this impulse towards the mystic sensual yielding and culminating shall find expression. In the modern spirit of equality, we can get tremendous concerted action, really machine action, but no culminating living oneness, no great gesture of a creative people. Hence we have no architecture: we have only machines.

Crêvecœur the artist, however, glimpsed some of the pas-sional dark mystery which Crêvecœur the idealist completely ignores. The artist is no longer European. Some little salt of the aboriginal America has entered into his blood. And this aboriginal Crêvecœur sees as the savage see, knows as they know, in the dark mystery of division, difference, culmination, and contest. It is true his vision is rudimentary. He can only see insects, birds, and snakes in their own pristine being. Above this level, all life should be innocent and pure and loving, merging in oneness. But so far as insects, birds, and serpents are concerned, he sees the pride, the recoil, the jewel-like isolation of the vivid self, the pure, tender trust which leads to culmination, and the frantic struggles for the enforcing of this culmination. If he had been an Aztec, confirmed in blood-sacrifice and wearing the dark-lustrous mantle of the feathers of birds, he would have had the same way of knowledge.

"I am astonished to see," he writes quite early in the "Letters," "that nothing exists but what has its enemy, one species pursue and live upon another: unfortunately our king-birds are the destroyers of those industrious insects (the bees); but on the other hand, these birds preserve our fields from the depredations of the crows, which they pursue on the wing with great vigilance and astonishing dexterity."

This is a strange admission from the Child of Nature, sweet and pure, a sad blow in the midst of romantic, pastoral, idyllic idealism. But the glimpsing of the king-birds is still more striking, the strength of Crêvecœur's vision in winged

hostility and pride, the swinging of the dark wings of the sensual ascendancy. We begin to look round for the "One Being Who made all things and governs the world by His providence."

He saves himself, however, when he proceeds further in the animal kingdom. The horse is the friend of man, man is the friend of the horse : and as for men, why, by Nature they all love one another innocently, but sometimes they lapse into atrocities, by some miscarriage in the womb of the events.

Some great hornets have fixed their nest on the ceiling of the living-room of the American Farmer, and these big, fierce, tiger-striped insects fly above the pastoral family, healthy offspring, and amiable spouse, apparently doing them no harm, though we are sure the amiable spouse had no say in the matter. The Farmer himself loved the creatures. There must have existed between him and the little winged tigers that mysterious *rapproch*, the sensual sympathy and confidence that balanced man and wasps, and enriched both. This magic immediacy between Crèveœur and other life is the real beauty of the "Letters." Again, on the useful plane, the hornets kept the house free of flies, we are told.

There is also an anecdote of wrens and swallows, that built in the verandah of the house. The wrens took a fancy to the nest of the swallows, and determined to occupy it. They pugnaciously attacked the larger, swift birds, attacked them and drove them from the nest. The swallows returned upon opportunity. But the wrens, coming home, violently drove them forth again. Which continued until the swallows patiently set about to build another nest, whilst the wrens installed themselves in triumph.

This event Crèveœur watches with full delight. He takes no sides and feels no pangs. We can imagine Franklin, in a similar case, applying justice. But Crèveœur only delights in the little living drama, watching the mysterious nature of birds asserting itself in arrogance and pugnacity.

Again, he has some doubtful stories. One is, that he shot a king-bird which had been devouring his bees. He opened its craw, and took out a vast number of bees, which little creatures, after they had lain a minute or two in the sun, roused, revived, preened themselves, walked off debonair, as Jonah up the seashore when the whale had spewed him out.

This story is considered improbable. It may be true. And even if not, it has a kind of mythical or legendary quality which attracts us. It is like Herodotus. Herodotus sees with

the dark sensual eyes, in the reality of division of otherness. But his haste in asserting his own self dominant and cognisant over the being of the strangers makes him invent or repeat fables. He assumes a victory in sensual cognition which he has not actually won. So with Crèvecoeur. He too easily leaps at authority, and invents from his own ego, instead of comprehending.

Again he describes the humming bird :

"Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing needle; like the bee, Nature has taught it to find out in the calyx of flowers and blossoms those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food; and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undeprived of anything that the eye can possibly distinguish. When it feeds, it appears as if immovable, though continually on the wing; and sometimes, from what motives I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces; for, strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies. When fatigued, it has often perched within a few feet of me, and on such favourable opportunities I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds, reflecting light on every side; most elegantly finished in all parts, it is a miniature work of our Great Parent, who seems to have formed it the smallest, and at the same time the most beautiful, of the winged species."

He might have remembered, in his peroration, "the most irascible." We have read various descriptions of humming birds. W. H. Hudson has a good one. But this one gives a curiously sharp, hard bit of realisation, something surely intrinsic, a jewel-sharpness and refraction inherent in the little soul of the creature.

Indeed, Crèvecoeur sees birds, not in their "little singing angel" aspect of modern sentiment. He has the more ancient vision. He sees their dark, primitive, weapon-like souls. He sees how they start and flash their wings darkly, in the spontaneous wonder of the retraction into isolation, or in a kind of vindictive self-arrogance. But he sees, also, that they come in the breath of the first creation, the breath of love. They issue on the spirit of tender confidence, the mute, shy, reserved love of the wild creature.

He is very beautiful about the quails. "Often," he writes, in a paragraph about quails in winter, "in the angles

of the fences, when the motion of the wind prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain; the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth, as I have frequently observed them to do."

The pure beauty of the sentiment here lies, not in a selfless or self-abandoning or spiritual love, but in the deep, tender recognition of the life-reality of the *other*, the other creature which exists not in union with the immediate self, but in dark juxtaposition. It is the tenderness of blood-knowledge, knowledge in separation. Crêvecœur knows the touch of the birds' feet, as if they had stood, with their vibrating, sharp, cold, cleaving balance, naked-footed on his naked hand. He knows there is no selfless oneing. They are they and he is he. And over the mysterious, dark gulf reaches his tenderness and the wild confidence of the quails, leaving their two natures uncommingled, yet strangely in contact. This is the barbaric tenderness and love.

Crêvecœur makes no attempt to identify himself with the birds. To him they are no "little sisters of the air." He knows them as strange, hot-blooded concentrations of dark presence. He could never have preached to them, as St. Francis preached. For to him they existed in the unutterable retraction of otherness, as all creatures exist to the barbarian. And he felt the blood-sympathy which allows and accepts this otherness as an enrichening, a joy. Accepting the quails into the spell of himself, he is enriched with the glamour of their contact, filled with passionate, tender joy.

This is the glamour and richness of the sensual, barbarian way. For if we reduce all things to terms of spirit and oneness, we impoverish life at last beyond bearing.

The "Letter" about snakes and humming-birds is a marvellous essay, in its primal, dark veracity. The description of the fight between two snakes, a great water-snake and a large black serpent, follows the description of the humming-bird: "Strange was this to behold; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled but pulled in vain; and in the moments of greatest exertions that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads; at one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself

into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own."

This fight, which Crêvecœur describes to a finish, he calls a sight "uncommon and beautiful." He forgets the benevolence of Nature, and is for the time a sheer ophiolater, and his chapter is as handsome a piece of ophiolatory, perhaps, as that coiled Aztec rattlesnake carved in stone.

And yet the real Crêvecœur is, in the issue, neither farmer, nor child of Nature, nor ophiolater. He goes back to France, and figures in the literary salons, and is a friend of Rousseau's Madame d'Houdetot. Also he is a good business man, and arranges a line of shipping between France and America. It all ends in materialism, really. But the "Letters" tell us nothing about this.

We are left to imagine him retiring in grief to dwell with his Red Brothers under the wigwams. For the War of Independence has broken out, and the Indians are armed by the adversaries; they do dreadful work on the frontiers. While Crêvecœur is away in France his farm is destroyed, his family rendered homeless. So that the last letter laments bitterly over the war, and man's folly and inhumanity to man.

But Crêvecœur ends his lament on a note of resolution. With his amiable spouse, and his healthy offspring, now rising in stature, he will leave the civilised coasts, where man is sophisticated, and, therefore, inclined to be vile, and he will go to live with the Children of Nature, the Red Men, under the wigwam. No doubt, in actual life, Crêvecœur made some distinction between the Indian, who drank rum *à la* Franklin, and who burnt homesteads and massacred families, and those Indians, the noble Children of Nature, who peopled his own pre-determined fancy. Whatever he did in actual life, in his innermost self he would not give up this self-made world, where the natural man was an object of undefiled brotherliness. Touchingly and vividly he describes his tented home near the Indian village, how he breaks the aboriginal earth to produce a little maize, while his wife weaves within the wigwam. And his imaginary efforts to save his tender offspring from the brutishness of unchristian darkness are touching and puzzling, for how can Nature, so sweet and pure under the greenwood tree, how can it have any contaminating effect?

But it is all a swindle. Crève-cœur was off to France in high-heeled shoes and embroidered waistcoat, to pose as a literary man, and to prosper in the world. We, however, must perforce follow him into the backwoods, where the simple natural life shall be perfected, near the tented village of the Red Man.

He wanted, of course, to know the dark, savage way of life, within the unlimited sensual impulse. He wanted to know as the Indians and savages know, darkly, and in terms of otherness. But this desire in him was very strictly kept down by a fixed will. For he was absolutely determined that Nature is sweet and pure, that all men are brothers, and equal, and that they love one another like so many cooing doves. He was determined to have life according to his own prescription. Therefore, he wisely kept away from any too close contact with Nature, and took refuge in commerce and the material world.

For the animals and savages are isolate each one in its own pristine self. The animal lifts its head, sniffs, and knows within the dark, passionate belly. It knows at once, in dark mindlessness. And at once it flees in immediate recoil; or it crouches predatory, in the mysterious storm of exultant anticipation of seizing a victim; or it lowers its head in blank indifference again; or it advances in the insatiable wild curiosity, insatiable passion to approach that which is unspeakably strange and incalculable; or it draws near in the slow trust of wild, sensual love.

Crève-cœur wanted this kind of knowledge. But to have it he must forfeit all his fraternity and equality, his belief in a world of pure, sweet goodness, in the oneness of all things, and, above all, he must forfeit his own *will*, which insists that the world shall be so, because it is easiest so. And he will die rather than forfeit his fixed will and his fixed intention. He *will* have life according to his own prescription, come what may. And life actually *is not* according to his prescription. So he eschews life, and goes off into sentimental, idyllic fancy, and into practical commerce, both of which he *can* have as he likes it. For though he has a hankering after the wild, sensual life, he so hates the true, sensual mystery of otherness, and of proud culmination, that he will do anything to deny this mystery, and to down it. So he is divided against himself, which makes for madness.

It is amusing to see him calculating the dangers of the

step which he take so luxuriously, in his fancy alone. He tickles his palate with a taste of true wildness, as men are so fond nowadays of tickling their palates with a taste of imaginary wickedness—just a taste.

“I must tell you,” he says, “that there is something in the proximity of the woods which is very singular. It is with men as it is with the plants and animals that live in the forests; they are entirely different from those that live in the plains. I will candidly tell you all my thoughts, but you are not to expect that I shall advance any reasons. By living in or near the woods, their actions are regulated by the wildness of the neighbourhood. The deer often come to eat their grain, the wolves destroy their sheep, the bears kill their hogs, the foxes catch their poultry. This surrounding hostility immediately puts the gun into their hands; they watch these animals, they kill some; and thus by defending their property they soon become professed hunters; this is the progress; once hunters, farewell to the plough. The chase renders them ferocious, gloomy, unsociable; a hunter wants no neighbours, he rather hates them, because he dreads the competition. . . . Eating of wild meat, whatever you may think, tends to alter their temper. . . .”

Crêvecœur, of course, had never intended to return as a *hunter* to the bosom of Nature, only as a husbandman. The hunter, like the soldier, is engaged in the effort to win the fatal ascendancy, the last, over the enemy or the prey. This is the sensual passion in its overweening, destructive activity, the terrible consummation in death. The husbandman, on the other hand, brings about the sensual birth and increase. But even the husbandman strains in dark mastery over the unwilling earth and beast; he struggles to win forth substance, he must master the soil and the strong cattle, he must have the strange blood-knowledge, and the slow, but deep, mastery. There is no equality or selfless humility, no ecstasy of selfless communing in oneness. It is the dark reality of blood-mastery and blood-sympathy.

Again, Crêvecœur dwells on “the apprehension lest my younger children should be caught by that singular charm, so dangerous to their tender years”—meaning the charm of savage life. So he goes on: “By what power does it come to pass that children who have been adopted when young among these people (the Indians) can never be prevailed upon to re-adopt European manners? Many an anxious parent have I seen last war who, at the return of peace, went to the Indian

villages where they knew their children to have been carried in captivity, when to their inexpressible sorrow they found them so perfectly Indianised that many knew them no longer, and those whose more advanced ages permitted them to recollect their fathers and mothers, absolutely refused to follow them, and ran to their adopted parents to protect them against the effusions of love their unhappy real parents lavished on them! Incredible as this may appear, I have heard it asserted in a thousand instances, among persons of credit.

“There must be something in their (the Indians) social bond singularly captivating, and far superior to anything to be boasted of among us; for thousands of Europeans are Indians, and we have no examples of even one of those aborigines having from choice become Europeans. . . .”

Crèveœur's thousands of instances against not even one instance remind us of our cat and another. Some children may have refused to return to their European parents—but the thought of thousands of these obdurate offspring, with faces averted from their natural father and mother, is too good a picture to be true. Also we know that some Indian brides of white men became very good civilised matrons.

The truth remains the same, as another century has proved it—it is easier to turn white men into Indians than Indians into white men. Crèveœur exulted in the thought. He disliked civilisation even whilst he continued one of the most civilised of all beings. He knew the awful barrenness even of emotional self-gratification. He knew the dreariness of living from the pre-determined will, admitting no otherness, only the mechanical oneness, as of two buttons from the same machine. He wanted equality and fraternity, and he would allow nothing else. At the same time he wanted to know the mystery of the sensual being. He wanted to know the thing which he determinedly excluded from knowledge. Which cannot be done. He wanted to have his cake and eat it—the very nice cake of the human free-will, and the human ego self-determined; the creed of the ultimate oneness of all things, in a union of love. He had his cake—kept it whole. Only he nibbled the corners. He opened the dark eyes of his blood to the presence of bees, birds, and serpents. He saw them in their magnificent struggling division, and their wonderful co-existence in luminous strangeness.

Impressionism at Ruhleben

By Archibald Welland

THE author, who in the summer of 1914 was travelling in Germany studying the stage there, was detained at Coblenz on August 1st and not allowed to leave. Eventually, after many adventures, he was sent to Ruhleben, and there devoted himself to alleviating the boredom of his fellow-countrymen. Ill-health enabled him to be sent through to Holland, and quite recently he has been repatriated to England. While in Ruhleben he became renowned as a producer, costumier, and *metteur-en-scène*. Among his many productions may be mentioned *The Silver Box*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Milestones*, *Pygmalion*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

MUCH has been heard, but little written, concerning theatrical art in Ruhleben. It is therefore my pleasure, as one vitally connected with the theatre there, to lift the veil and show the outside world a little of what we achieved. In the first place, a few words as to the theatre itself will not be out of place. Shortly after our arrival in the camp one of the grand stands was given over to us for a recreation hall. There was not any convenience, just the plain concrete hall, thirty-six yards by twelve. Upon one side there ran a strong buffet, fixed into the floor, eighteen yards long and about three yards from the wall. This was decided as an admirable place upon which to build our stage. After much time, hard work, and expenditure of our own money, we reared a properly-equipped stage. The proscenium opening measured twelve yards, and the depth, owing to an "apron," was five yards. A proper electric equipment of four thousand candle-power was then installed, consisting of "floats," "lines," "bunches," "central flood," etc. Dressing-rooms, a male and female wardrobe, a scenic artist's "dock," a property-room, and a direction office completed the principal equipment of the "back of the house." A box office was built, and accommodation for three hundred and fifty people seated obtained. The organisation was controlled by a committee, who appointed a stage direction to control the staff and arrange for

plays. Over one hundred and twenty productions were given, a fresh one being presented every week upon the Wednesday, and running on until the Sunday, the intervening two days being utilised in preparation for the next production. This weekly system, I think, made our theatre unique, inasmuch as everything was made "on the premises." Scenery, dresses, furniture, wigs, music, etc., and also each weekly cast was different. The standard of acting was equal to the large London amateur societies, and in some cases ran the professional very close. My one regret is that theatrical folk in London will never have the opportunity of judging for themselves. I can only say that our theatre had to be seen to be believed. With such a vehicle at our disposal, it will be readily seen that every opportunity was available for experimental work. To that end I produced *The Merry Wives of Windsor* upon impressionistic lines. Before describing that production I would like to speak a little upon what impressionism actually is. Impressionism has of latter years made itself felt in every form of art, but its effect and possibilities upon the stage affect me most. By impressionism I mean the art of conveying to the mind the true atmosphere of the scene depicted. For when all has been said, the business of the stage is to create atmosphere; to create a spell that will compel the audience to become, if not active, at any rate passive, participators in the action of the play. Agreeing upon this point, the next thing is to find the best means to bring this about. That is where, to my mind, impressionism is supreme, because this "atmosphere" is better obtained by the presentation of something perhaps entirely at variance with the eye, as that organ *sees* the reality, but which is entirely in sympathy with the mind and senses, as they *feel* the scene. Oft-times, in recalling past episodes, it is not so much what is *seen*, as what is *felt*, that makes the incident *live*. To explain this creation of "atmosphere," to produce this sense of *feeling* upon the part of the audience, let me explain the setting for the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, taken from my own impressionistic designs for the incomparable comedy. Although in the period of the play Venice was at the pinnacle of its power and magnificence, the latter is not the *leitmotiv* of the "trial scene." What we must *feel* in this scene is the inexorable will of the law, which gives—even against its own wishes—the verdict to Shylock, until Portia, with one of the most amazing displays of consummate skill, while upholding the

law, sees one point the law has been blind to, and completely crushes the Jew. Therefore any scene that is a blaze of accurate intricate splendour in its "setting," or a moving mass of colour in its "crowd," will strike an entirely wrong note, and partially, if not wholly, obliterate the main factor, and become a living "Baedeker" of the Doge Palace.

Briefly, my design is this: Give the set—the shape of which for certain reasons I will not state—walls of unrelieved black; place the Doge and his council in sombre purple, obliterating them as much as possible; let the voice of the law come from out the shadows; dress Antonio in brown and his four friends in lighter, but not *too* light, colours; keep the "crowd" almost "off," and very dark, to form a dark frame to a picture of a sordid business deal; dress Shylock in deep red with a touch of vivid yellow and green—the emotional need of these colours is apparent; for Portia there remains a legal costume of dazzling white, with a scarlet hat, her *tout ensemble* forming the bright ray of hope that comes streaming into the gloomy resigned mind of the Merchant to save him. In the above-described impressionistic setting I think it must be apparent that Shakespeare's golden lines are better "felt" than in the old way of producing. I am aware that in so designing scenes I may arouse a whole storm of criticism from certain quarters, but I cannot help it. My one aim is to see productions that bring out to the full all the best and noblest the author intends in perfect unanimity with all that the arts can give. Very different from the above-described scene would be the treatment of a play, such as *Henry VIII.*, where, but for one or two beautiful but all too short scenes, the language forms but a vehicle for a great spectacular pageant. I mention this because I wish my readers to understand that impressionism does not always mean a plain, simple—or, to quote some critics, "unintelligible"—treatment of a scene. It can be dazzling, it can be drab; it can be everything, and nothing. Much wrong may be done by too simple a setting, as by too elaborate a setting. Impressionism is invaluable for exteriors. When I recall some of the painted exteriors I have seen I shudder. Even the remembrance of the late Sir H. Tree's much-lauded setting of "Olivia's Garden" pains me. For that "expensive" set, together with the dresses, was but a moving picture of wonderful colours. But only so long as the artistes held the stage. Left empty, with its bushes of dried leaves, artificial grass floor-cloth, and painted back-cloth, it resembled a dead garden. Of life and movement there was none, and

these are the essentials of an exterior setting. How much better would the garden from *Twelfth Night* have been if, instead of the painted back-cloth, there had been closely hung a curtain of thin silk, shading from dark green at the base through to sky blue at the top; with the "wings" composed of strips of brown and green silk, and smaller ones of *crêpe de Chine*, with splashes of vivid coloured silk at their base; then a semi-circular white wall, and in the centre of all a semi-circular white seat; in certain positions black silk inflated trees, which, together with the curtains, should sway to and fro. Then one would have "felt" the cool peace which Olivia's Garden always gave to its much-troubled mistress. And now a few words as to the production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Ruhleben, although I am aware that to retail one's own work is not in the best taste. Will readers forgive me? I arranged the comedy—as others before me have done—in three acts. And here let me state that I think the only way to make Shakespeare really "appeal" to-day is to produce him in a modern manner, with all the newest and best that the arts can give. At the outset his plays must be arranged into big scenes to obviate, as far as possible, the frequent rising and falling of the curtain. Few things are so distracting and annoying to modern audiences as a succession of short scenes. So long as the scene progresses they enjoy to the full the incomparable lines, but directly the curtain falls an immediate "snap" in the interest occurs. Therefore the curtain should only fall where that "snap" is required. Upon the other hand, I do not agree with the other extreme of playing the whole play upon one set of curtains, with perhaps only one curtain-drop. That is as tiring as the other is annoying; therefore arrange the plays as a modern play, with the story concise, the interest centralised and easy to follow, then Shakespeare will make his appeal to all, instead of being allocated to a "chosen few." Surely it is the duty of every true artiste to make enjoyable and interesting to every Englishman the works of the world's greatest dramatist. In Shakespeare's day, when there were not any "sets" to change and very little furniture to move, it was quite easy to allow the story to take its natural course. To have three minutes' conversation in a street, then to enter a house for a quarter of an hour, and then return to the street for a further five minutes, all that was necessary was for the actors to exit, place another sign-board in position, and then to enter again. To-day all that is changed, and I am convinced that if Shakespeare could return he

would rearrange his plays so that they appealed to-day as strongly as they did in the days of Elizabeth. But while the master is dead, and belongs to a dead age, his golden language lives, and is as much of to-day as it was of yesterday. Shakespeare is absolutely modern—the poet for all time. But it is the duty of every true artiste to see that every facility is given for this being carried out. Space will not allow of my giving in detail my arrangement of the lines. Suffice it to say that the first act consisted of three scenes—a street, a room in the house of Dr. Caius, and a field near Frogmore. This arrangement enabled me to get the quarrel of Shallow and Falstaff and the duel of Parson Evans and Dr. Caius finished in the first act, and the plots and counter-plots of Falstaff, the wives, and Master Ford well on their way. This left the second act—which was the longest—to become one uninterrupted story of the wives' frolic, comprising as it did five scenes, alternatively a room in the Garter Inn and a room in Ford's house. The third act contained only two scenes—a room in the Garter Inn, to witness the last visit of Mistress Quickly, and the final baiting of Falstaff, and Windsor Forest, which witnesses the last revels. Despite this rearrangement of the scenes, hardly a line was omitted, and the comedy played nearer its entirety than I think it ever has before. A word as to the scenic designs. Our Ruhleben stage, as I have before mentioned, had an opening of twelve yards, in the centre of which, right down by the "floats," were two pillars about six yards apart. Upon either side of these, stretching to the proscenium pillars, I had curtains hung, which could rise or fall and, when necessary, dwarf the stage to what we called a "pillar" scene. This was very effective for scenes in which only two or three people held the stage, the action being rendered far more intimate. For the street scene the curtain upon the prompt side was down, and immediately by the pillar that side of the stage stood Page's house. The scene was composed of three-way screens and arches, the system of which I am indebted to Gordon Craig, whose methods I have had the pleasure of studying. The whole scene was painted a light grey, so as to easier take the coloured lights. For all these exteriors I employed only *top* lights and a central "flood," thus obtaining the impression of a sky-lit scene. The lighting for the street scene started with noon-day amber and dimmed to a rosy sunset, which deepened and ultimately changed to a pale green, which in its turn also deepened until, when the stage was left to Ford for his first jealous soliloquy, the

whole scene took on a vivid emerald glow. This effect I employed for all Ford's soliloquies. For a room in the house of Dr. Caius the O.P. curtain was dropped, and we played between the pillars. The door and steps of Page's house remained and became an interior exit. Two of the three-way screens swung round and formed a semi-circular room, with a door in the back wall, which for this scene was masked by the large cupboard in which Simple hides. For this and all interiors I employed only *bottom* lights and a central flood, thus obtaining the darkened ceiling effect, such a feature of mediæval houses. The light for this scene was a rich French sapphire blue. The "Garter Inn" scenes were exactly the same as that of the Dr. Caius scene, with the exception that the cupboard was removed and the door behind used as a central entrance, and the furniture changed. For these scenes I employed a very deep ruby light, which admirably gave the effect of the darkened inn, warmth, laughter, and wine being the impression conveyed to the audience. For "a room in Ford's house" I used a full set. In the centre of the back wall there stood a "flat," three and a half yards in width. In the right wall, *up* stage, there was an archway, two yards wide, with steps down, and a similar one in the left wall, *down* stage. These were painted a shade of mid-green, decorated with a design of sharp fantastic arrow-heads in white and gold, the idea being to convey the impression of the sharp-tongued, jealous atmosphere that permeated Ford's house; the walls between the arches and the "flat" were hung with thickly-hanging green curtains; the lighting was of a rich amber shade, and very effectively brought out the gold design. For the Windsor Forest scene, the entire stage was hung with different shades of green *crêpe* curtains; the two pillars were converted into trees, with seats at their base. The lighting came solely from above—the "flood" being dispensed with—and was of a very dim blue colour, giving to the scene a very eerie and mystic atmosphere. A word in passing as to a few of the dresses. For Mistress Page I designed a dress, cut *en princesse* without sleeves, and very long and full in the skirt. This was made from mid-purple satin. Around the foot of the skirt and top of the corsage I stencilled, in gold, a fantastic design of squares; the very tight sleeves, which were attached to an under-bodice of straw-coloured satin, were of the same purple material; over these fell the long "bell" sleeve of the period, falling to the ground, and composed of straw-coloured satin, stencilled with gold. The hat, which resembled a large "tam-o'

shanter," was of purple and gold; and, falling to the knees at the back, there was a veil of smoke-grey chiffon. Mistress Ford had a dress of pale green muslin, the bodice, cut fairly high waisted, was tight, with a collar of sapphire-blue satin; the long full skirt had a central panel of pale blue; the tall head-dress was of pale green, and had a veil of champagne chiffon, embroidered with black chenille spots. For Falstaff a costume of purple and red was designed. A very good effect of a leather doublet was obtained by making one of thick felt, heavily painting it with brown, and then pressing it several times with hot irons. Quite one of the most effective designs was that for Fenton: a cerise satin tunic, stencilled with black, was partially hid by a full, three-quarter coat of old gold satin; black tights and a quaint, circular, cerise hat, from which fell a black scarf encircling the neck after the fashion of the period, completed the costume. A pretty effect was obtained by the "fairies" (?) in the last act. Upon their entrance the stage was dimmed almost to darkness. Entering from all sides the "girls" appeared clad in Grecian draperies of white muslin, with wreaths of pink roses. The "boys" had black tights, little scarlet tunics, and scarlet "elf" hoods, which rose to a point on the top of their heads, and fell gracefully over their shoulders, leaving sufficient opening for their eyes and mouths. All carried "candles" made from small pieces of broom-stick, with paper cones at the top. In this cone was placed a small electric bulb, which, attached to a wire running down the centre of the stick, was connected to a small battery concealed in the right sleeve. The paper cones were streaked with red and blue paint, and by a careful movement of the arm the light could flicker or remain steady. The effect of these "candles," gleaming out from a darkened stage and moving in a concerted action, was very eerie, and considerably added to the mock ritual of the "fairies," resembling as they did so many will-o'-the-wisps. Sufficient, I think, has now been said to convey a fair idea of the general scheme of the production.

It says much for impressionism that the comedy was a huge success, especially when one remembers that in Ruhleben we had all grades of men, from the wealthiest to the poorest, from the most intelligent to the most unintelligent; from those who in pre-war days had been regular theatre-goers to those who had seldom seen the inside of a theatre.

Therefore, if a production of the above nature "went" with so mixed an audience, there cannot be anything very "mad" or "unintelligible" about impressionism.

Spiritualism and its New Revelations (iii)

By Bernard Sickert

As to other phenomena which are not now generally disputed, it is curious that the spiritualists should be so ready to place a weapon in the hands of their opponents. Arthur Hill in *Psychical Investigations* says (p. 271): "The facts of hypnotism, notably the performance of feats of memory and calculation which are quite impossible to the subject in the waking state, coupled with the similar phenomena of arithmetical prodigies who do not know how they get their results, and with the curious facts of multiple personality—these, not to mention the ordinary though unexplained phenomena of 'instinct,' and the perhaps allied phenomena of dowsing and clairvoyance generally, are proofs that the total self is something far greater than its present conscious manifestation." Quite so; and we honour F. W. Myers for his laborious and candid investigations into these abstruse questions. On another page Mr. Hill speaks of the homing instinct of animals, such as cats and pigeons, as equally mysterious. Now if we class all these phenomena together as psychical mysteries, as I think we may fairly do, is there any reason for turning to spiritualism for explanation of any one of them if we do not do so for all?

It is not suggested, I believe, that a convoy of deceased cats accompany the homing cat, or of pigeons the pigeon. Nor have I seen it stated that the calculating boys are assisted by deceased mathematicians. Then why should the faculty of clairvoyance be associated with spiritualism? It is not generally so associated with the most famous clairvoyant, Alexis Didier, who puzzled Robert Houdin. The fact that Stainton Moses, who claimed powers equally remarkable, did so associate them need have no weight with us. The same argument applies to dowsing and the finding of metals, etc., which I think we may as well provisionally accept.

And, *a fortiori*, the same argument applies to telepathy, because I am ready to admit that the phenomena of telepathy are quite as firmly established as any of these, and are more numerous. And here, to clear the ground, let me take up the controversy between Mr. Joseph McCabe and Mr. Arthur Hill. Mr. McCabe took the word "telepathy" as meaning thought transference between incarnate persons. But the originator of the word defined it in the larger sense as meaning "communication from one mind to another, independently of the recognised channels of sense." The spiritualists have a perfect right to use the word in this larger sense, and therefore we materialists, who do not accept it in this sense, should no doubt coin some other word to meet our requirements. "Telecerebry" would be an awful infliction. Perhaps Mr. McCabe would invent a more suitable word. But now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle ignores the distinction, and claims that Myers proved that mind could act upon mind at a distance. "If the mind, the spirit of man, could operate at a distance from the body, then it was a thing to that extent separate from the body." Myers never proved telepathy in this larger sense. What he did prove was the possibility of communication between brain and brain—an entirely different thing. And, indeed, are the "recognised" channels of sense any less mysterious than the "unrecognised"? Sir Arthur causes certain black marks to be formed on pieces of paper, and from those black marks I gather, not very successfully, I fear, what has been going on in his brain. Here we have "mind acting upon mind at a distance." Moreover, Myers did occasionally use the word telepathy in the limited sense. *Phantasms of the Living*: "I say that I consider it improbable that telepathy will ever receive a physical explanation. I admit, of course, that such an explanation is logically conceivable; that we can imagine that undulations should be propagated as particles emitted *from one living organism to another*." Materialists would merely carry their scepticism further; they would consider it improbable that telepathy or allied phenomena will ever receive an adequate explanation at all.

There is excellent critical matter in an article by "Lily Dougall" in a volume entitled *Immortality*, dealing with the pretensions of spiritualism. The essay is called "The Good and Evil of Spiritualism," but, after reading the whole of it, I think that such a title has a very strong spice of irony, since the evil is very convincingly shown in six separate counts,

whilst the good is whittled down to the feeblest shadow. The gains of spiritualism are set forth thus :

"1. Important step towards discovering the ways in which mind may prove itself independent of the body.

"2. Evidence that living people have felt themselves to be in the presence of, and in some sort of tacit communion with, departed spirits. This conviction is separable from, and is quite independent of, any stimuli offered to the senses in objective apparitions, or movements of objects or human words dictated to mediums who speak or write. . . . The effort of spiritualists to interpret does, indeed, point to reality—*i.e.*, to the existence of a real touch between the visible and invisible worlds. . . . I personally find it incredible that so many reasonable and truth-loving persons should have followed this way for so many years, and should have so easily accepted that which, when examined dispassionately, appears insufficient unless they had some true experience.. . ." In short, there must be something in it. This attitude of suspension of judgment is pushed throughout to extreme lengths, as in most criticisms I have read on the subject. Point by point here, as elsewhere, every pretension to statement of facts is overthrown; every proposition put forward in explanation of those facts is combated as self-contradictory, untenable, or immoral, and yet we are told to suspend our judgment.

For the case for spiritualism rests entirely on the evidence put forward in *Raymond* and similar productions; if that evidence is belittled or ignored or repudiated, there is no case left. Why should we consider it a "gain" that "living people have felt themselves to be in the presence of, and in some sort of tacit communion with, departed spirits"? If the feeling is illusory, where is the gain? And how does that word "tacit" contrive to squeeze into any account of proceedings which, on the report of the chief person involved, might rather be called vociferous? Here we have Sir Oliver Lodge, among many others, putting forward for many years now what he conceives to be evidence as to certain events, and we are to brush all this aside, yet be fortified in our substantial agreement with him! The experience thus whittled down is no better or stronger than what has been current since the Christian era, and, indeed, one might say since the beginning of history; and the latest exponent of such an experience, H. G. Wells, in *God the Invisible King*, is careful to disclaim any pretension to revelation. If we are to repudiate

the evidence for survival after death that has been put forward, the case for it is so much the weaker, not the stronger. With that unflinching courage which marks the *Phantasms of the Living* the authors say solemnly: "The inevitable effect of entirely negative conclusions, were all our evidence to prove untrustworthy and all our experiments unsound, would be" (shortly) harmful to religion. "It will be questioned whether the narratives on which the historic religions depend could have stood the test of a contemporaneous inquiry of a similarly searching kind."

Just try to apply Lily Dougall's line of reasoning to any of the large issues which divide mankind—to the present war, for instance. Are we to say to the Germans, "Your facts are all wrong; your inferences even from the facts as distorted by you are wrong; but because you are so absolutely convinced of the justice of your case, there must be some cause undiscoverable by us with which, if we knew what it was, we would sympathise"? No, the most cantankerous Pacifist does not say that. Some of the subtler Pacifists have said, "The official German defence is not the true one; the true one is thus and thus"; and although some of us may think we might leave this discovery to the Germans, the line of argument is not, *prima facie*, absurd. I cannot help thinking, as I have said, that this apparent lapse of Lily Dougall's critical power, which in all other parts of the essay is most manifest, is due to a desire to use the courteous weapon of irony, which I rather deprecate as being generally ineffective.

THE DOCTRINAL SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

If I had as many volumes at my disposal as I have words, I could not hope to do more than touch the fringe of this vast subject, so it is probable that a few words would be as effective as many. Some spiritualists like Arthur Hill are wisely reticent on the larger issues, but there runs through most of them a line of argument which needs but a hasty analysis to be confuted.

The New Revelation: "All the laws of evidence agree that where many independent witnesses give a similar account, that account has a claim to be considered a true one. If it were an account of glorified souls purged instantly from all human weakness and of a constant ecstasy of adoration round the throne of the All Powerful, it might well be suspected as being the mere reflection of that popular theology which

all the mediums had equally received in their youth. It is, however, very different to any pre-existing system."

Wallace, as far back as 1866, wrote at much greater length in a similar vein. "These doctrines are essentially different in every detail from those taught and believed by any school of modern philosophers or any sect of modern Christians. . . . Spirits are uniformly represented in the form of *human* beings, and their occupations as analogous to those of earth. But in most religious descriptions, or pictures of heaven, they are represented as *winged* beings, as resting on or surrounded by clouds, and their occupations to be playing on golden harps, or perpetual singing before the throne of God. . . . How is it that the spiritualistic conceptions are at variance with popular notions, but accord strikingly with the modern doctrine of continuity? I submit that this little fact is of itself a strong corroborative argument that there is some objective truth in these communications."

Sir Oliver, too, although not guilty of such amazing grossness of imagery and expression, is essentially similar in his line of argument. I quite agree "that where many independent witnesses give a similar account, that account has a claim to be considered a true one." That is, true to something. That something with which these accounts, largely speaking, tend to conform is a modern ideal, or a modern trend of thought. It is a travesty of the truth, as visible to every thinking man and woman, that the theology as here sketched is *popular*. Christianity (of course, I confine myself, as my opponents do, to this religion) has for centuries been gradually shedding accumulations and excrescences. The rite of baptism, the Immaculate Conception, the Sacrament, the doctrine of the Trinity, the Miracles—nay, the very keystone of the whole edifice, the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, have been so changed and modified that our fathers would not have recognised them. I will not go so far as to say they have been definitely abjured in any universal sense, but more and more all doctrines have been quietly shelved, more and more attention has been devoted to conduct, and more and more from the trappings and decorations of mediæval times has emerged the stark naked figure of Jesus Christ.

Why, the very idea of Hell and the Devil is, rightly or wrongly, revolting to the Modern Spirit. One would think that Wallace and Conan Doyle had never listened to a modern sermon or read a modern religious treatise. And

what grossness of materialism must there be in critics who cannot see that the "pictures" or "images" of Heaven are not, and were never intended to be, anything but poetic, and often marvellously beautiful, images of a bliss that is inconceivable!

What has been obscurely felt by humbler thinkers and acutely argued by gifted and trained minds is that the *static* condition contradicts all our conceptions of life, even of life beyond; that life involves progress and continuity. And, of course, since progress must mean progress from somewhere, we are involved at once in gross conceptions like the synthetised alcohol and tobacco of *Raymond* or the "excellent circulating library" of *The New Revelation*. The one lesson that spiritualists seem to have learnt is, "Things grow out of what has gone before" (*Psychical Investigations*). But why should we be put to the trouble and inconvenience of dying to illustrate this law? If we merely start again over there at the point where we left off here, why should our progress there be any different from what it is here? And confusion only becomes worse confounded when we conceive this progress to follow mainly on the laws of progress as far as we can ascertain them, but tremendously accelerated by the fact that at last we have got rid of our hampering, clogging, incriminating bodies. Idle delusion! If we cannot eat or drink, and disencumber our persons from waste products; if we cannot lust and love and run and breathe, progress would be arrested, and we should get back into the static condition we have been trying to evade. Again, some spiritualists, feeling that the conceptions that have recently been put before us have this material taint, try to make out that "*Raymond's*" revelations, for example, are not to be taken literally; that they are images of a condition involving such different conceptions of space and time that they must be taken as mere symbols or pictures. Then in what respect are they to be preferred to those which have the sanction of beauty and age? I do not especially quarrel, as most critics appear to have done, with the idea of tobacco and alcohol, but any precision of detail must be offensive, and it is only by precision of detail that the newer descriptions essentially differ.

One of the wisest books that have ever been written, *Alice in Wonderland*, contains an image whose implications the learned author must have envisaged.

Like Alice, again and again we have attempted to get away from the *House*, but always the paths turned and twisted

back towards it. And at last "*the road gave a turn and shook itself*," and we found ourselves walking in at the very door. The House is the House of Reason.

Even the sense of "presence" with which Lily Dougall deals so gently has the inevitable taint of materialism. The idea of Presence at one time involves the idea of Absence at another time. The idea of Absence involves that of Withdrawal. The idea of Withdrawal involves that of Locomotion, and we get back at once to legs or bicycles or motor-cars or some material image. Or if I try to get away from the idea of the Spirit standing on the Turkey carpet, six feet away from me, by saying that he permeates or pervades, I get a product that is no more satisfactory. Because I must at once ask, "What is the area of pervasion or permeation? One hundred feet? One hundred miles? And there we are, again, inevitably back in materialistic ideas. The Spirit, to be present at all, must be Omnipresent and All-Pervading, and that attribute we can only apply to One.

But now comes Mr. Arthur Hill, whose medium, Mr. A. Wilkinson, introduces us to quite a little crowd of spirits, whose presence does seem, on the face of it, uncalled for. For instance, there is a poor old woman with a wooden leg, who died thirty years before, and who does not appear to have been aware of Mr. Hill's existence before that event; or there is the lady who "sat three pews behind us." Indeed, casual acquaintances appear to throng these *séances*, to the partial exclusion of friends and relations. Mr. Hill, after long and circumstantial accounts of these *séances*, does at last become dimly aware that there is something repugnant in the idea of calling up for examination "an old woman with a wooden leg who has been dead thirty years," and who was not recognised by Mr. Hill until his memory was jogged. In that case, no personage, however exalted, would be exempt from these self-constituted tribunals, and the presence of Lord Brougham and Benjamin Franklin, as described in other works, would be quite in the order of things. So he makes a suggestion, and the suggestion promptly gives the show away. "The forms are not the spirits themselves, but are partial representations or manifestations." The evidence need not "prove the activity of all the alleged spirits who ostensibly communicate or who are described at my sittings with clairvoyants. I do not claim, for instance, that Elias Sidney was 'here'; his form might be a thought-form created

by Mr. Leather for evidence sake." . . . "If my grandfather and grandmother are named and described with identifying details, it does not follow that both are here; it may suffice if one of them is, or, indeed, any spirit who knew the facts given." If we turn to Shakespeare, as we may always do for illumination, we find an exact parallel in the ghost of Banquo, who *shows* "the eight kings, the last with a glass in his hand" (this last touch is most illuminating). Banquo, therefore, is the only spirit present. Mr. Hill attributes the power of evocation to a single spirit. But how did that single spirit get here? By the power of evocation lodged in an incarnate spirit—that of Mr. Wilkinson. But, then, why should that power not be applicable to the brains of living men and women; why should the medium not be able to tap or draw on the knowledge of living persons? I do not say that is the explanation, and Mr. Hill betrays the usual ignorance of what constitutes evidence when he challenges his opponents to produce evidence disproving survival. It is not for us to disprove survival; it is for them to prove it. One cannot prove a negative. And no materialist states "that there are no discarnate minds." All he says is that there has been no proof of discarnate minds, and that spiritualism of all attempts at proof is the most inconclusive, confused, and gross. Many spiritualists have had a scientific training, but after consulting their works it seems to me that a legal training would have been more efficacious in guarding them against rudimentary errors.

Finally, I am led to speak on the larger issues and the reflections which these books and others of the same tendency arouse in my mind. What a singular type of mind it must be which can be cheered and consoled by assurances of continued existence when we have passed over, if that existence is but faintly adumbrated in these books! The spiritualists, in spite of their pretensions to elevation of thought, seem to think only of their own present comfort and consolation, and have not begun to grasp the shocking notion of the hell to which they are condemning not only their own dead but themselves also when their time comes. To be decently dead and decently buried and there an end is simple, but it is at least not ignoble. But to be condemned to a continued existence, hovering round the places and people you loved when on this earth, like spiritual area sneaks, spiritual bar loafers, spiritual Weary Willies, cadging and pestering and whining for notice and recognition, perpetually being challenged and perpetu-

ally debarred from giving the illuminating pass-word, unable to be of any use to any mortal, though the lifting of a ghostly finger would stop this war as surely as the last trumpet, is not this to damn every spirit, good or evil, to the combined tortures of Tantalus, Sisyphus, and the Danaïdes? And all these tortures are to be rendered more excruciating still, as we must at all costs be up to date, and therefore they must be thoroughly and indecently advertised and analysed and dissected and discussed. Torture is not enough, we must add shame. *We* must waste our time and *they* their eternity in these futile inanities. What Hell imagined by Dante can surpass this? No assurances of the poor bedevilled spirit that he is happy would reassure me. If he can be happy under such conditions he must be mad, and a Heaven—or Hell—the word is immaterial—peopled with madmen is not, one would think, the highest ideal to which we can attain. The cant phrase in spiritualist circles is “They have passed on.” But that is exactly what *they* have not done; they still encumber us, and need a spiritual policeman to tell them to “Pass along, please.” They play mad games of “Russian Scandal” or “Cross Questions and Crooked Answers”; they are thimble riggers, confidence-trick men, and card-sharpers. Sludge and Jeremy Diddler, Codlin and Short, Jingle and Fagin, and Pistol and Parolles are their cronies and boon companions. The shades are a little too shady.

Shelley’s tremendous and unique thunderbolt which will reverberate, I think, after all his other magnificent lines are faint, begins “Hell is a city much like London.” The spiritualists now seem to take this as their ideal, only they substitute “Heaven” for “Hell.” But what does the word matter? Call the place what you will, if its denizens can look upon this war and not prevent it, nay, if they can look on the Pemberton Billing trial and not prevent *that*, it is no place either for me or for my friends, or for my most cruel and relentless enemies.

The Promise

By Walter de la Mare

A DOCTOR hears many strange stories, which must for ever remain a secret confidence between himself and his patients. But the story that my old friend, whom we will call Purcell, told me cannot, I think, be so considered. We were sitting one evening in his long garden, just after the fall of dusk, smoking together. His wife had been dangerously (but quite triumphantly) ill; and this was the first evening afterwards. "You know, of course," he said, half-apologetically, "that she has always been very nervous and high-strung; at least——" He broke off and puffed softly on, narrowing his eyes, his hands resting one over the other on his knee. A robin was chattering in the lilac bushes. "I don't think I ever told you how we actually met. There's no harm in telling. . . . Is there?"

"Well, that's best answered when I've heard," I replied. And we laughed.

"Well, you remember—oh, years ago—when I used to live with my mother at Witchelham? It was an absurdly long journey from town. But she liked the country; my father was buried there; and so, nearly two hours every day of my life, except Saturdays and Sundays, were spent in rumbling up and down on that antediluvian branch line. I believe they bought their carriages second-hand. We had an amazing collection of antiques. The stations, too, were that kind of stranded Noah's ark in a garden, which make it rather jolly to look out of the window in the summer, with their banks of flowers, and martins in the eaves. A kind of romance hung over the very engines. You felt in some of the carriages like a savant confronted with a papyrus he can't read. It was all very vague, of course. But there it was.

"One evening, a Tuesday in December, I left my office rather later than usual. There had been a lofty fog most of the day; all the lights flared yellow and amber, and the traffic was muffled to a woolly roar. The station was nearly empty. An early train, the 5.3, coming in late, had carried off most of the usual passengers, and only just we few long-distance

ones were left. I walked slowly along the platform, past the silent, illuminated carriages, and got into No. 3399—a second. The number, of course, I noticed afterwards. It was cushioned in deep crimson, lit unusually clearly with oil; half a window-strap was gone, and the strings of the luggage bracket hung down in one corner. It was haunted, too, by the very faintest of fragrances, as if it had stood all the summer with windows open in a rose garden. I sat down in the right-hand corner facing the engine, and began to read. Footsteps passed now and again; fog signals detonated out of space; a whistle sounded, and then, rather like an indolent and timid centipede, we crept out of the station. I read on until I presently found that I hadn't for quite some little while been following the sense of what I was reading. Back I went a page or two, and failed again.

"Then I put the book down, and found myself in this rather clearly lit old crimson carriage alone—quite curiously alone. You know what I mean; just as when one is alone in a ball-room when the guests have said good-bye after a dance; just as one's alone after a funeral. It pressed on me. I was rather tired, and perhaps a little run down, so that I quite keenly welcomed all such vague psychological nuances. The carriage was vacant then—richly, delicately, absorbingly vacant. Who had gone out? I know this sounds like utter nonsense. I assure you, though, it was just as it affected me then. There was first this very faint suggestion of flowers in this almost amber lamplight; that was nothing in itself. But there was also an undefined presence of someone, a personality of someone here, too, as obviously reminiscent of a reality as the perfume was reminiscent of once-real flowers.

"The 5.29 did not stop near town—loitered straight on to Thornwood, missed Upland Bois, and launched itself into Witchelham. All that interminable journey (for the fog had fallen low with nightfall) I sat and brooded on this curious impression, on all such impressions, however faint and illusory. So deep did I fall into reverie that when I again came to myself and looked up, I was first conscious that the train was at a standstill, and next that I was no longer alone. In the further and opposite corner of the carriage a lady was sitting. The air between us was the least bit dimmed with fog. But I saw her, none the less, quite clearly—a lady in deep black. Her right hand was gloveless and lay in her lap. On her left hand her chin was resting, so that the face was turned away from me towards the black glass

of the window. Whether it was her deep mourning, her utter stillness, something in her attitude, I cannot say. I only know that I had never seen such tragic and complete dejection in any human creature before. And yet something was wanting, something was absent. How can I describe it? I can only say it was as if I was dreaming her there. She was absolutely real to my mind, to myself; and yet I knew, by some extraordinary inward instinct, that if I did but turn my head, withdraw my eyes, she would be gone. I watched her without stirring, simply watched her, overwhelmed with interest and pity, and a kind of faint anxiety or fear. And suddenly, I cannot more exactly express it, I became conscious that my eyes were out of focus, that they were fixed with extreme attention on—nothing at all. I cannot say I was alarmed, nor even astonished. It was rather vexation, disappointment. But as I looked I suddenly became conscious of a small, oblong, brown-paper package, lying part-hid under the arm-rest of the seat only just now so mysteriously occupied, and as mysteriously vacated. Directly I became aware of it, it seemed, of course, extraordinarily conspicuous. Could I by the faintest chance in the world have overlooked it on first entering the carriage? Of course, I see now that it must have been so. But at the time I was convinced it was impossible.

“I took up the package, felt it, shook it, and then, without the least excuse or compunction in the world, untied the string and opened the plain wooden case within. It contained a small six-chambered revolver. I scrutinised it for a moment almost in confusion, then I flung down the carriage window, just in time to see the face of the station-master momentarily illumined in the fog as we crept out of Thornwood. I hastily shut the box and packed it, paper and all, into my pocket. It was entirely intuitive, simply the irresistible caprice of the moment, but I felt I could not surrender it; I felt certain that I should sooner or later meet with its owner. I would surrender it then.

“The next day seemed interminable. Fog still hung over the city. I longed to get back to my haunted carriage. I felt vaguely expectant, as if some very distant, scarcely audible voice were calling to me, questioningly, appealingly. I was convinced that my ghost was really a ghost, a phantasm, an apparition—not an hallucination. Surely an event so rare and inexplicable must have a sequel.

“Out into the misty street (which in the mist, indeed,

seemed thronged with phantoms) I turned once more that evening with an excitement I cannot describe—such an excitement as one feels when one is about to meet again a long absent, a very close and intimate friend.

“Again the 5.3 had befriended me. The platform was nearly empty when the 5.27 backed slowly into the station. I had expected no obstacle, had encountered none. Here was my 3399, its lamp, perhaps, not quite so lustrous, its crimson a little dimmed. I entered and sat down in my corner, like a spider in its newly-spun web. What prompted such certainty, such conviction, I can’t conceive. The few minutes passed, passengers walked deliberately by. Some glanced in; one old lady, with a reticule and gold spectacles, peered hesitatingly, peered again, all but entered, and, as if suddenly alarmed, hastily withdrew. We were already late. And then, just at the last moment, as the doors were beginning to slam, I heard with extraordinary distinctness what it seemed I had for long been waiting for—a light and hurried footfall. It paused, came nearer, paused again, and then (although I simply could not turn my head to look) I knew that there, looking in on me, searchingly, anxiously, stood framed in the misty doorway—my ghost.

“Still she hesitated. But it was too late to retreat. She entered, for I heard the rustling of her gown. And then, at once, the train began to move. At last, when we were really rumbling on, I managed to turn my head. There she sat, completely in black, her left hand in her lap, her chin lightly resting on the other, her eyes gazing gravely and reflectively, yet with a curious fixity, out of the window. She did not stir. So slim, so unreal, she looked in her dead black, it seemed almost that this might be illusion, too—this, too, an apparition. *Almost*, but how surely, how convincingly, not quite. It sounds absurd, but so absorbed again I grew in watching her, so lost in thought, I think I sighed. Whether or no, she suddenly turned her head and looked at me with startled eyes and parted lips. And, I think, the faintest red rose in her cheeks.

“I leaned forward. ‘You won’t please misunderstand me—my speaking, I mean. I think, perhaps, if I might explain . . . you would forgive me . . .’ I blundered on. She raised her eyebrows, faintly and distantly smiling. But I felt vaguely certain that somehow she had dimly foreseen my being there. ‘I don’t quite see why one should *have* to explain,’ she said indifferently. ‘You could not ask me to

forgive anything that would need forgiveness. But to-night, you must please excuse me. I am so very tired I don't really think I could listen. I know I couldn't answer.'

"'It's only this, just this,' I replied in confusion. 'Something has happened: I can't explain now; only if I should seem inexcusably inquisitive—horribly so, perhaps—you will understand when I do explain. . . . You need but answer yes or no to three brief questions—I cannot tell you how deeply interested I am in their answers. May I?' She frowned a little, and turned again to the window. 'What is the first question?' she asked coldly.

"'The first is—please don't suppose that I do not already know the answer, instinctively, as it were, *en rapport*—have you ever travelled in this carriage before, No. 3399?' Could you imagine a more inane way of putting it? I knew that she had, with absolute certainty. But, none the less, she feigned to be unsure. Her eyes scrutinised every corner, but indifferently, and finally settled on the broken netting. 'Yes,' she said simply. 'But as for the number—I don't think I knew railway carriages *were* numbered.' She turned her eyes again directly on mine.

"'Were you alone?' I said, and held my breath.

"She frowned. 'I don't see——' she began. 'But, yes,' she broke off obstinately. 'It was the night before last. I was alone.'

"I turned for a moment to the window. 'The last question,' I went on slowly, 'could only possibly be forgiven to one who was a very real, or hoped to be, a very real, faithful friend.' We looked gently and calmly, and just in that curious instantaneous way, immortally as it were, into each other's eyes.

"'Well?' she said.

"'You were in extreme trouble?'

"She did not at once reply. Her beautiful face grew not paler, more shadowy. She leaned one narrow hand on the crimson seat, and still looked with utterly frank, terribly miserable, desolate eyes into mine.

"'I think—I had got beyond,' she said.

"What sane thing could I offer for a confidence so generous and so childlike? 'Well,' I said, 'it's the same world for all.' She shook her head, and smiled. 'I remember one quite, quite different. But still,' she continued gravely, as if speaking to herself, and still leaning on her hand, 'it is nearly over now. And I can take an interest, a

real interest, in what you might tell me; I mean, as to how you came to know, and why you ask.' I told her simply of my dream, the hallucination, psychic experience, or whatever you may care to call it. 'Yes,' she said, 'I *did* sit here. It is very, very strange. It . . .' and then she stopped as if waiting, as if fearing to go on.

"I said nothing for a moment, knowing not what to say. At last I took out the little wooden case just as it was. 'I cannot ask forgiveness *now*,' I said, 'but this—is it yours?'

"She nodded with a slight shudder. Every trace of colour left her face.

"'You left it in the train on Monday?'

"She nodded.

"'And to-day'—it was a wild, improbable guess—'to-day you came to town to look for it, to inquire about it?'

"She did not answer, merely sat transfixed, with hard, unmoving eyes and trembling lip.

"'I can't help what you may think, how you may resent my asking. I can't shirk responsibility. I know this is not an accident. I cannot believe it was an accident which sent me here last night. I cannot believe God ever meant any trouble, any grief to have *this* for an end. If I give it you, will you promise me something?'

"She did not answer.

"'You must promise me,' I said.

"'What am I to promise you?' she said, her eyes burning in her still, white, furious face.

"'Need I say?'

"She leaned her elbows on her knees, did not look at me again, merely talked, talked on, as if to her reflection, in that dim crimson, fronting her eyes. 'It is just as it happens, I suppose,' she said. 'It's just this miserable thing we call life, all the world over. You hadn't the ghost of a right to open it—not the faintest right in the world. It is all sheer inference, that is all. As for believing—there's not the faintest proof—not the faintest. Who *can* care *now*? But, no; somehow you got to know, without the least mercy or compunction. Who would believe you? It is simply a blind, pitiless ruse, I suppose. . . . And so . . . you have compelled me, forced me to confess, to explain what no one on earth dreams of, or suspects—you, a complete stranger. Isn't my life my own, then? Oh, yes, I know all that. I know all that. . . . I refuse. You will understand, please. I will *not* promise. Who,' she cried bitterly, flinging

scoffingly back her head, 'who gave *you* my life? Who gave *you* the right to question, to persecute me?' And then, suddenly, she hid her face in her hands. 'What am I saying, what am I saying?' she almost whispered. 'I don't know what I am saying.'

" 'Please, please,' I said, 'don't think of me. It doesn't in the least matter what you think, or say, of me. Listen, only listen; you must, you *must* promise.'

" 'I can't, I can't!' she cried, rising to her feet and facing me once more. The train was slowing down. Here, then, was her station. Was I, after all, to be too late? I, too, stood up.

" 'Think what you will of me,' I said; 'I am only, only your friend, now and always. I do believe that I was sent here. I don't understand why, or how: but I cannot, cannot, I mustn't leave you, until you promise.'

" Something seemed to stoop, to look out of her eyes into mine. How can I possibly put the thought into words?—a fear, a haunting, terrible sorrow and despair, simply, I suppose, her soul's, her spirit's last glance of utter weariness, utter hopelessness; a challenge, a defiance. I know not what I prayed, or to whom, but pray I did, gazing blindly into her face. And then it faded, fainted, died away, that awful presence in those dark, beautiful eyes. She put out her hand with a sob, like a tired-out, beaten child. 'I promise,' she said. . . ."

My friend stopped speaking. Night had fallen deep around us. The garden lay silent, tree and flower obscure and still, beneath the feebly shining stars. We turned towards the house. A white blind in an upper window glimmered faintly in the darkness. And we heard a tiny, impatient, angry, inarticulate voice, crying, crying. "Well," I said, taking his arm, and waving my hand, with my best professional smile, towards the window, "she has kept her promise, hasn't she?"

New Weapons and Disarmament

By Hugh Pollard

THE close of the Great War marks the period at which the sum total of available weapons and ammunition in the hands of various nations is the greatest ever known. No figures have been published by the belligerents, so outside the national ministries of war and munitionment no one can tell the extent to which each nation is provided with armed ships, artillery, aeroplanes, machine-guns, rifles, and all the various weapons used in warfare.

The amazing thing is that certain circumstances have changed the whole basis of armament, and at the very moment that we have achieved this vast mass of war material most of it is out of date. Very few people indeed—not many even among the bulk of war-trained officers—realise that many weapons and certain branches of the Service are completely finished—obsolete as bows and arrows.

The civilian and specialist military skill that evolved the Tank has demolished not only the armies of Germany, but all the armies of to-day. Most people think of a Tank as a rather ludicrous but effective engine of war. They look upon it as a whitewash novelty, and are content to assume that the Tank of to-day is not much of an improvement upon the earlier leaner horse of the Somme battle, and that it is a war implement of merely talker importance. The real facts are entirely different, for the Tank of to-day is simply an infant, a lusty two-year-old, and there is no mechanical limit to its future. This may seem the remark of a fanatic, but it is perfectly true; even at present there is no effective answer to Tanks but possibly other Tanks, and in the Tank we have rediscovered a modern application of a very old principle. The Tank is the most economical method of using man-power in war, and it also affords the highest possible percentage of invulnerability to the soldiers engaged.

The armament problems of the future will be limited to three fleets of armoured machines in which a very limited highly specialised number of men operate the largest possible number of weapons in the most effective way. Armoured fleets

at sea, armoured aeroplanes, and armoured landships or Tanks—these will be our forces for war as distinct from punitive expeditions against savage tribes and similar police work.

We have rediscovered armour, and, after all, it is not a new principle. But when last discovered it changed the course of all human development in Europe for several centuries. In the Dark Ages wars were as national in character as they are to-day. The whole manhood of a nation or tribe took bow and spear and moved as a horde rather than as a specialist army. Then came the plate-armour and the evolution of a more or less invulnerable human Tank. Consider the knight in armour and the Tank. Both are, in their respective periods, the most economical ways of using a few fighting men; for they are well protected and well armed, and can deal with a thousand unprotected ordinary fighting men without suffering the least danger. With the coming of the knight in armour the big national army gave place to a small corps of privileged specialists. In the same way the modern national army of stupendous size will yield to the small specialist corps of trained warriors operating in the future Tanks.

The Tank of to-day is a little thing compared with the obvious developments which will result in the Tank of the future, but even as it stands to-day it is the most economical fighting machine yet devised. A Tank uses petrol instead of muscle, and it extracts the highest possible fighting or killing value out of the men inside it; they can give their blows without being exposed to injury in return, and, above all things, they can fight while moving—a thing outside the powers of infantry or guns of the land forces.

The armament of a Tank is three machine-guns and two six-pounder guns; these and the Tank are handled by a crew of eight men all told. To use these weapons separately in the open field would require at least fifty men, and another spare fifty to replace casualties.

For all practical purposes one full-size modern heavy Tank of eight men has the aggressive power of a hundred infantry armed with rifles, bayonets, bombs, and Lewis guns. This economy of using eight men in place of a hundred has still wider applications in the economy of man-power. In place of using a hundred men and losing a certain thirty per cent. in casualties, you use eight, or sixteen, or a lavish twenty-four who do not, as a rule, suffer casualties. Instead of having another reserve hundred behind your hundred, you

have another eight men or so. Economies are effected in assault troops and in reserves, and these men can be used in war of to-day to strike vital blows elsewhere. Even if the German man-power reserves had outnumbered the Allied man-power, Tanks would yet have won the war for us by increasing the mass of manoeuvre at our disposal, which is actually what they did and why we won.

Next we have the economy of man-power behind the lines. If one estimates a Tank corps, including all its workshops, stores, schools of instruction, and everything, the proportion of men per weapon is slightly over four men to a gun. Apply the same calculation to artillery divisions, and it is some forty-eight men to a gun, and goodness knows how many horses.

In addition to this, the Tank has done away with preliminary bombardments, and thereby restored the vital factor of surprise, and at the same time it saves the use of thousands of tons of ammunition, which translate into vast figures of ton-hours of transport and man-hours of work in the munition factories at home. This economy can hardly be estimated, but its vital importance in future warfare can be grasped, for it means that big munition plants are not essential to success in a quick war of surprise, and that small nations could make war with prospects of success.

Apart from the saving of casualties in the field, time and material in the factory, and endless waste of man and animal power in the zone of operations, Tank warfare does not permanently damage the country it is waged in. Thus out of the Tank warfare of to-day emerges a new economics of war that puts our present calculations of man-power and armament values completely out of date. Every basis of calculation is changed, for even to-day one division of infantry plus Tanks can attack on a frontage that in the past year would have been allotted to three divisions.

Now, if we turn to the effect of the Tank on present arms, and take into account its obvious evolution to a point where natural obstacles are no longer Tank-proof, we come to a war of sea, air, and land fleets acting in co-operation. Anti-Tank artillery is vulnerable to armoured planes. The big commercial freight-carrying 'planes of the future might even fly light Tanks into the heart of hostile territory. The unprotected men and arms of the present day must disappear.

Of all units on modern establishments the cavalry are the most vulnerable, the most wasteful in man and horseflesh,

and the least useful. The aeroplane has taken from cavalry its primary value as a reconnaissance service; the light Tank has robbed cavalry of its last excuse for attendance at European battlefields. One "Whippet" of to-day holds two men; it can go some sixty miles at an average of fifteen miles an hour, and its mobility is thus not only equal, but superior to that of any cavalry. The same Whippet could withstand the onslaught of a cavalry regiment and kill it off to the last man and the last horse without being exposed to the slightest danger or inconvenience.

As to living on the country, the Tank can live on a modern civilised country well supplied with petrol as easily as horses can be found food and water. In a desert both have to be provisioned, and it is easier to supply the Tank, for petrol is a more economical form of energy than animal muscle—not once, but every time.

So far as cavalry are concerned, the Tank inspires a reduction of armaments in Great Britain, for it is illogical to suppose that Army Estimates providing for the upkeep of cavalry in England will be passed by any House in which a majority of the members have had experience of war as distinct from soldiering. The Dominions and the Indian native cavalry can be depended upon to furnish enough horses and military horsemen for any future expedition where their utility might be a possible contingency. The Household Cavalry reduced to some such establishment as the Yeomen of the Guard would be ample for ceremonial purposes.

Next is the infantry problem, and it is no exaggeration to say that infantry as we mean infantry to-day—unarmoured, muscle-propelled, rifle-armed bipeds—are nearly as obsolete as the cavalry. It is in the last degree improbable that they will ever take the field again as the main mass of fighting troops, but they will operate in the rear of Tanks to secure territory precisely as they do to-day. With the Tank as the economic man-weapon unit, armoured infantry Tanks accommodating surplus man-power required for details of operations over and above the capacity of the Tank *personnel* will co-operate with the fighting Tanks. The sheer fighting value of infantry will depreciate to about the level of present-day Army troops, such as engineers, pioneer units, and other specialists whose duties are not primarily combatant.

The appalling sacrifice of life which has occurred in this war owing to the prevailing military custom of sending perfectly unprotected men and horses into action will probably

be rather a puzzle to future generations. They will wonder how on earth human nature stood it so long, and more particularly they will wonder why great countries with institutes of mechanical engineers and vast resources of brains and materials made so little use of them until so late in the day. There is no Corps of Mechanical Engineers now, and yet all future mechanism of war depends entirely upon mechanical engineering.

The artillery up to the intermediate calibres will probably develop into some form of specialised Tanks. The heavier long-range weapons—expensive pieces to build and use, and wonderfully wasteful of man-power—will certainly be retained for a time, but they are always threatened by the longer-ranged aeroplane. Inexpensive bomb-release gear and bomb-sights fitted to big commercial weight-carrying aeroplanes, or special war machines, are a steadily increasing menace to the retention of the heavy artillery of to-day, whose lack of mobility in the field exposes them to risk of capture or destruction in any Tank raid.

The arguments which can be raised against these foregoing comments on the relation of the Tank to other arms are nearly all based upon the assumption that the Tank is already limited. It will be pointed out that they cannot cross rivers, that they are not proof against shell-fire, against mines, against special forms of attack. The answer is that the Tank of to-day may be subject to casualties, but all the skill and resources of the German nation have failed to produce an effective answer to Tanks, that river after river has been crossed, that line after line of "impregnable" defences have fallen, that deeply écheloned artillery particularly arranged to fight Tanks has failed before Tank and aeroplane attack.

Just as the future development of the Tank is to a certain extent foreseen by experts, so is the logical development of anti-tank measures. Vulnerability and invulnerability will run a close race, but the Tank will win to such a high level of efficiency that the whole scheme of modern armies and modern tactical handling of troops will have to be re-cast.

We enter upon a period of new specialisation, and the military system as we understand it to-day, and, what is far more important, the whole basis of national military training needs reconsideration. As we stand to-day, all European nations have the bulk of their male adult populations highly trained for an obsolete form of warfare, and the close of the Great War institutes a new military era. Thus if we start a

new period of armament and continue the old systems of conscription or national service, and the military training of adolescents in time of peace, the training must be as Tank or air fighters.

A League of Nations may or may not strive to cope with the problem of armaments, but if they do, here is some new ground from which to work. The Tank is the key weapon of future warfare, and there may be some chance of controlling Tank programmes by mutual agreement.

The difficulties are manifest, for, as we well know, the secret construction of Tanks presented no difficulties in the past. Nevertheless, the support of international Labour is a powerful factor to reckon with, for without general popular support any great secret Tank construction programme might be swiftly made public, and, once public, could not be easily achieved. On the other hand, it might just as well be held that a minority element determined upon war could secretly raise and equip Tank forces very much more easily than they could raise, train, and equip an obsolete modern army.

As things stand at present, only certain of the larger Powers possess Tanks at all. These Titans can hardly be restrained from developing their armed resources if the desire to limit armaments is not existent, but there are grounds for hoping that no Great Power will be able to launch hastily or aggressively into war once more. There are, however, many smaller nations whose stability of judgment and system of government is less assured. These nations could not hope to produce Tanks of their own in any great quantity or with any hope of being up-to-date, any more than they can afford battle fleets to-day. And there is no conceivable reason why they should be allowed to buy Tanks with which to start fresh trouble.

Here, then, is something that can actually be dealt with—the sale or export of Tanks. This can be restricted by international agreement, and, above all, super-national power should be invoked to deal, not only with the offending Government, but with the offending firm, its responsible directors, and any intermediaries. The ordinary civilian has to be licensed by the State before he can carry arms; just so should the manufacture and sale of Tanks or parts of Tanks be only permitted under licence from the super-national authority, and breach of the new international law be subject to the heaviest personal penalties. It is hardly enough to limit the Tanks to those at present in existence, for there are

not enough to destroy completely the value of existing arms, and these should certainly be put right out-of-date in order to give the world a new basis upon which to abandon or limit competition in armament.

In any case, whether or no the Tank is considered in relation to matters of disarmament, its vital importance to all considerations of future warfare should not be lost sight of by the professional soldier or the critic of military affairs. It is about to produce a far greater revolution in purely military affairs than either the invention of breech-loading rifles or the invention of the aeroplane, and it will probably mean a far, far smaller standing army than anybody engaged in this war ever dreamt of for a future establishment. This alone will create a strong military prejudice against the arm, but the public who have done the fighting of this war can be trusted to know something about military affairs by now, and old ideas must yield place to new but proven facts. The Tanks have come to stay.

The Pyramid of Power

By Major C. H. Douglas

At various well defined epochs in the history of civilisation there has occurred such a clash of apparently irreconcilable ideas as has at this time most definitely come upon us. Now, as then, from every quarter come the unmistakable signs of crumbling institutions and discredited formulæ, while the widespread nature of the general unrest, together with the immense range of pretext alleged for it, is a clear indication that a general re-arrangement is imminent.

As a result of the conditions produced by the European War the play of forces usually only visible to expert observers has become apparent to many who previously regarded none of these things. The very efforts made to conceal the existence of springs of action other than those publicly admitted, has riveted the attention of an awakened proletariat as no amount of positive propaganda would have done. A more or less conscious effort to refer the results of the working of the social and political system to the Bar of individual requirements has on the whole quite definitely resulted in a verdict for the prosecution; and there is little doubt that sentence will be pronounced and enforced.

It is widely recognised that a mangled and mis-applied Darwinism has been one of the most potent factors in the social development of the past 60 years; from the date of the publication of "The Origin of Species" the theory of the "survival of the fittest" has always been put forward as an omnibus answer to any individual hardship; and although such books as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power" have pretty well exposed the reasons why the individual efficient in his own interest, and consequently well fitted to survive, may and will possess characteristics which completely unfit him for positions of power in the community, we may notice that one of the most serious causes of the prevalent dissatisfaction and disquietude is the obvious survival, success and rise to positions of great power of individuals to whom the term "fittest" could only be applied in the very narrowest sense.

And in admitting the justice of the criticism, it is not, of course, necessary to question the soundness of Darwin's theory : it is simply evidence that the particular environment in which the "fittest" are admittedly surviving and succeeding is unsatisfactory, that in consequence those best fitted for it are not representative of the ideal existent in the mind of the critic, and that environment cannot be left to the unaided law of Darwinian evolution, in view of its effect on other than material issues.

To what extent the rapid development of systematic organisation is connected with the statement of the law of biological evolution would be an interesting speculation ; but the second great factor in the changes which have been taking place during the final years of the epoch just closing is undoubtedly the marshalling of effort in conformity with well defined principles, the enunciation of which has largely proceeded from Germany, although their source may very possibly be extra-national ; and while these principles have been accepted and developed in varying degree by the governing classes of all countries, the dubious honour of applying them with rigid logic and a stern disregard of by-products, belongs, without question, to the land of their birth. They may be summarised as a claim for the complete subjection of the individual to an objective which is externally imposed on him ; which it is not necessary or even desirable that he should understand in full ; and the forging of a social, industrial and political organisation which will concentrate control of policy while making effective revolt completely impossible and leaving its originators in possession of supreme power.

This demand to subordinate individuality to the need of some external organisation, the exaltation of the State into an authority from which there is no appeal (as if the State had a concrete existence apart from those who operate its functions), the exploitation of "public opinion" manipulated by a Press owned and controlled from the apex of power, are all features of a centralising policy commended to the individual by a claim that the interest of the community is thereby advanced and its results in Germany have been nothing less than appalling ; the external characteristics of a nation with a population of 65 millions have been completely altered in two generations, so that from the home of idealism typified by Schiller, Goethe, and Heine, it has become notorious for bestiality and inhumanity only offset by a slavish discipline. Its statistics of child suicide during the

years preceding the war exceeded by many hundreds per cent. those of any other country in the world, and were rising rapidly; insanity and nervous breakdown were becoming by far the gravest problem of the German medical profession; its commercial morality was devoid of all honour; and the external influence of Prussian ideals on the world has undoubtedly been to intensify the struggle for existence along lines which quite inevitably culminated in the greatest war of all history.

The comparative rapidity with which the processes matured was no doubt aided by an essential servility characteristic of the Teutonic race, and the attempt to embody these principles in Anglo-Saxon communities has not proceeded either so fast or so far; but every indication points to the imminence of a determined effort to transfer and adopt the policy of central, or, more correctly, pyramid, control from the nation it has ruined to others, so far, more fortunate. In the sphere of politics in this country it is clear that all settled principle, other than the consolidation of power, has been abandoned and a mere expediency has taken its place. The attitude of statesmen and officials to the people in whose interests they are supposed to hold office is one of scarcely veiled antagonism only tempered by the fear of unpleasant consequences. In the State services this prevalence of intrigue, the easy supremacy of patronage over merit, and of vested interest over either, has kindled widespread resentment; levelled not less at the inevitable result than at the personal injustice involved.

As a result of the pursuit of this policy, in its relations with labour the State is hardly more happy. The interim report of the Commission on Industrial Unrest contains the following significant statement:—

“There is no doubt that one cause of labour unrest is that workmen have come to regard the promises and pledges of Parliament and Government Departments with suspicion and distrust.”

In industry the perennial struggle between the forces of Capital and Labour on questions of wages and hours of work are daily becoming more complicated by the introduction of issues such as status and discipline, all of which are expressions of dissatisfaction with a system rather than with incidents, and it is universally recognised that the periodic strikes which convulse one trade after another have common roots far deeper than the immediate matter of contention. In the very ranks of Trade Unionism, whose organisation has

become centralised in opposition to concentrated capital, cleavage is evident in the acrimonious squabbles between the skilled and the unskilled, the rank and file and the trade union official.

It will hardly be questioned that the struggle centres in economic power, and that the concentration of the control of capital is an outstanding feature of it. It will be necessary to examine in somewhat greater detail the effect of this concentration which is proceeding with ever-increasing rapidity, but it may be emphasised at this point that one of its effects is its contribution to the illusion of the fiercely competitive nature of international trade. Mr. J. A. Hobson in his "Democracy after the War" points out this effect in the following words:—

"Where the product of industry and commerce is so divided that wages are low, while profits, interest, and rents are relatively high, the small purchasing power of the masses sets a limit on the whole market for most staple commodities. The staple manufacturers, therefore, working with modern mechanical methods, that continually increase the pace of output, are in every country compelled to look more and more to export trade, and to hustle and compete for markets in the backward countries of the world. . . . Just as the home market was restricted by a distribution of wealth which left the mass of people with inadequate power to purchase and consume, while the minority who had the purchasing power either wanted to use it in other ways, or to save it and apply it to an increased production which still further congested the home markets, so likewise with the world markets. . . . Closely linked with this practical limitation of the expansion of markets for goods is the limitation of profitable fields of investment. The limitation of home markets implies a corresponding limitation in the investment of fresh capital in the trades supplying these markets."

The effect of this artificial incentive to compete for markets, immensely reinforced by the economic effect of the use of machinery in decreasing the percentage of the manufacturing cost of commodities distributed in wages and salaries, has been still further to concentrate power in the hands of the minority by the intensification of the struggle for employment; the pre-war estimate of one-third of the population of Great Britain continually lacking a sufficiency of the bare necessities of existence was paralleled by a constant rise in the cost of living tending to increase this number and a steady expansion in the variety of luxury trades catering for a very small minority.

We are at the moment only concerned with these facts to the extent that they support the suggestion that centralisation is essentially a device for focussing the result of whatever subject-matter is dealt with by it, at the apex of the pyramid, and cannot therefore be successful as a political

and social structure designed to distribute these results. They have, however, a very practical bearing on the immediate situation, since all experience of centralised organisation indicates that, while strong against external attack, it is most vulnerable to disruption from within.

Now it may be emphasised that a centralised or pyramid form of control may be, and is in certain conditions, the ideal organisation for the attainment of one specific and material end. The only effective force by which any objective can be attained is in the last analysis the human will, and if an organisation of this character can keep the will of all its component members focussed on the objective to be attained the collective power available is clearly greater than can be provided by any other form of administration, and for this reason the advantage accruing from the use of it for the attainment of one concrete objective, such as, let us say, the coherent design of a national railway or electric supply system (just so long as these objects are protected from use as instruments of personal and economic power) is quite incontrovertible; but every particle of available evidence goes to show that it is totally unsuitable as a system of administration for the purposes of governing the conditions under which whole peoples live their lives, and that it is in opposition to every real interest of the individual when so used.

The necessity for a clear recognition of the differences between the application of the principle to the attainment of a single objective and its fundamental unsuitability in dealing with complex issues is quite vital, and an analogy from the experience of the war may emphasise the distinction. During the early days of the struggle large numbers of men sacrificed position as well as comfort and safety by enlisting in the ranks of the various Services, well content if thereby the defeat of Germany might be achieved. The military organism is essentially and necessarily pyramidal in form, and as a result the "standardised" environment, in spite of the best of goodwill, has undoubtedly been a serious hardship to many, and has only been borne in view of the nature of the situation. It is quite certain that the difficulties resulting from this factor have grown with the length of the war and the consequence of the characteristics of the system; and that any attempt to crystallise the position, subsequent to peace, on the basis of war rank or even achievement, would be violently resented and eventually upset. While,

therefore, every advance towards the single command has been a military gain *per se*, it would be absurd to suggest that it has indicated an avenue to social reform.

Notwithstanding the centripetal tendency indicated, there exists an entirely opposite movement which may eventually reverse the situation in so far as the control of initiative is concerned. The comparative fighting strength of these two influences is, at the moment, impossible to estimate, but it is significant that all the most modern tendencies in education seem to accentuate their essential antagonism, and it is reasonable to expect that the wider range of education will provide the deciding factor in the struggle. It is proposed to examine various aspects of decentralisation in a subsequent article, but for the moment it is sufficient to point out that we are faced with an apparent dilemma, an extra-national minority policy of centralised control, both in politics and industry, backed by strong arguments as to the increased efficiency and consequent economic necessity of organisation of this character (and these arguments receive support from quarters as widely separated as, say, Lord Milner and Mr. Sidney Webb), and, on the other hand, a deepening distrust of such measures bred by personal experience and observation of their effect on the individual. A powerful minority of the community, determined to maintain its position relative to the majority, assures the world that there is no alternative between a pyramid of power based on passive acceptance of an imposed social, industrial, and intellectual policy, and some form of famine and disaster, while a growing and ever more dissatisfied majority strives to throw off the hypnotic influence of training and to grapple with the fallacy which it feels must exist somewhere.

Now let it be said at once that not only is there no evasion of this dilemma possible by the introduction of questions of personality, but that the effect of a single organisation of this character applied to the complex purpose of civilisation produces a definite type of individual, of which the Prussian is one instance. Pyramidal organisation is a structure designed to concentrate power, and success in such an organisation sooner or later becomes a question of the subordination of all other considerations to its attainment and retention. For this reason the very qualities which make for personal success in central control are those which make it most unlikely that success and the attainment of a position of authority will result in any strong effort to change the opera-

tions of the organisation in any external interest, and the progress to power of an individual under such conditions must result either in a complete acceptance of the situation as he finds it, or a conscious or unconscious sycophancy quite deadly to the preservation of any originality of thought and action. While, therefore, high character and disinterested conduct may and do exist in such an environment, they will not, on the whole, conduce to the attainment of positions of administrative authority.

It cannot be too heavily stressed at this time that similar forms of organisation, no matter how dissimilar their name, and whether as apparently opposed to each other as, let us say, the National Union of Railwaymen and the Railway Executive Committee, favour the emergence of like characteristics, quite irrespective of the ideals of the founders, and it is to the principles underlying the design of the structure, and not to its name or the personalities originally operating it, that we may look for information on its eventual performance. For instance, it is instructive in this connection to notice the changes which have taken place in industrial conditions (of which politics are becoming a reflection) subsequent to the industrial revolution of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Prior to this time the workman, his tools, and his policy were to a large extent united in one and the same person; industrial initiative was decentralised, and industrial problems were not serious. With the advent of machinery came the intervention of the financier into industry, willing to provide the able craftsman with means to extend the exercise of his skill on payment for his services. The development from this stage, through the small workshop run on borrowed money by the enterprising man who both worked himself and directed the work of others; through the larger factory in which the function of the craftsman ceased to be exercised by the employer, who retained only the direction and management; to the large limited liability company or trust, in which the craftsman, the management, and the direction of policy became still further separated, has been logical and rapid, and this development carries with it changes of a fundamental character.

As has already been pointed out, behind all effort lies the active or passive acquiescence of the human will, which can only be obtained by the provision of an objective; and the separation of large classes into mere agents of a function has made it possible to obtain the more or less complete

co-operation of large numbers of individuals in aims of which they were completely ignorant and of which, had they been able to appreciate them in their entirety, they would have completely disapproved; and here the essential similarity to the Prussian political system becomes evident. The power which wealth has given over education and its interaction with ecclesiasticism have combined to foster the idea that so long as the orders of a superior were obeyed, no responsibility rested on the individual. It is not, of course, suggested that commercial policy has been deliberately and uniformly dictated by unworthy motives—far from it; nor is it unlikely that, had the processes of production and distribution been separated from any control over individual activity along other lines, its development might have been in the best interests of the economic system; but since it has been accompanied by a growing subjection of the individual as a complete entity to the machine of industrialism, it is unquestionable that the centralisation of power and policy and alleged responsibility in the brains of a few men whose deliberations are not open to discussion; whose interests, largely financial, are quite clearly in many respects opposed to the interests of the individuals they control and whose critics can be victimised, is without a single redeeming feature; and is rendered inherently vicious by the conditions which operate during the selective process. When it is further considered that these positions of power fall to men whose very habit of mind, however kindly and broad in view it may be and often is in other directions, quite inevitably forces them to consider the individual as mere material for a policy-cannon-fodder, whether of politics or industry—the gravity of the issue should be apparent.

In addition, however, to these general considerations, there are a number of specific phenomena which seem to be definite by-products of centralisation of policy considered as an embodiment of the will-to-power. While the concentration of effort on the methods of industry has resulted in an enormous advance in the application of machinery to work which previously had to be performed by hand, it is realised that the financial and economic system is so arranged that labour-saving machinery has only enabled the worker to do more work; that any reduction in hours is bought by increased strenuousness, and that the ever-increasing rate of production, paralleled by the rising price of the necessities of life (clearly attributable to the control of production in

the interests of the capitalist rather than the consumer*), is a sieve by which are eliminated all ideas, scruples, and principles which would hamper the individual in the scramble for an increasingly precarious existence.

If the preceding survey of some of the more salient facts of the general economic and social situation as it exists at present has been to any extent successful in indicating a general principle, it will be evident that the real antagonism which is at the root of the universal upheaval with which we are faced is one which appears under different forms in every aspect of human life. It is the age-long struggle between freedom and authority, between external compulsion and internal initiative, in which all the command of resource, information, religious dogma, educational system, political opportunity, and even apparently economic necessity, is at the disposal of the will-to-power, and only history offers grounds for the expectation of any measure of success on the side of freedom. This antagonism does, however, appear at the present time to have reached a stage in which a definite victory for one side or the other is inevitable. It seems perfectly certain that either a pyramidal organisation, having at its apex supreme power and at its base virtual subjection (however disguised by Garden Cities and Ministries of Health), will crystallise out of the centralising process which is evident in the inter-related realms of finance, industry, and politics; or else a more complete decentralisation of initiative than this civilisation has ever known will be substituted for external authority.

The issue transcends in importance all others; the development of the human race will be radically different as it is decided one way or another; but as far as it is possible to judge, the general advantage of the individual will lie with the extension of centralisation in the provision of material facilities, combined with the evolution of the progressively decentralised power of decision in respect of their employment.

The implication of this is a challenge, which will become more definite as time goes on, to all external authority as to its right to adjudicate on the absolute value of various forms of activity. Already this claim is appearing in the demand for the "right to work" and the establishment of a minimum wage. The practical difficulty of estimating the relation

* See "The Delusion of Super-Production" in *ENGLISH REVIEW* for December.

between material reward and individual effort is becoming in any case increasingly complex and lends additional probability to early action along these lines. It is quite clearly recognised by the capitalist that the admission of such a principle is a serious threat to his power, and considerable effort will probably be devoted to making such payments conditional on some definition of good behaviour, but the independence of action which will result will in itself be a very probable source of further development.

Before proceeding to a consideration of the forms in which a definite change of principle seems to be manifesting itself, it is desirable to recognise certain non-material factors in the situation. The distinctive feature of the mentality of Germany was its paganism joined to animalism. Such phrases as "Nature, red in tooth and claw," "War is a biological necessity," "The law of the jungle," are typical of the mind nurtured on the will-to-power; not confined to Prussia, but certainly most truly at home there. This mentality, where religious—and it is frequently fanatically religious—is quite invariably pagan, in the sense of the veneration of a tribal God of Battles—a variety of glorified Moltke-Bismarck—of a definitely personal type. On the other hand, one of the most marked features of the real revolt against autocracy is a strong vein of mysticism with its accompanying intuition; together with a determined assertion of the essentially human nature of all social problems. It is quite impossible to overrate the importance of this factor as a measure of the energy behind the various revolutionary movements and in estimating the probable outcome of the struggle, too much attention cannot be paid to the assessment of psychological characteristics in their alignment with modern thought.

Liberty and the State

By E. S. P. Haynes

“WE shall not find a way to permanent peace unless we can disabuse our minds of this modern superstition that sovereignty is the eternal, indefeasible, indispensable, and absolute property of the national State. . . . The State is the machinery of the mass, and it has become the master of our lives and liberties, to some of us the architect of our fortunes, to others of our ruin, but to all the arbiter of our consciences, the dictator of our truths, the censor of our morals, and the autocrat of our breakfast table.” These two sentences from the *Times* Literary Supplement of July 18th last tersely summarise the position of the modern State during the present war, which is, after all, the logical result of one hundred years’ political growth. For the modern State derives its omnipotence partly from the Napoleonic despotism and conscription which resulted from the persecution of revolutionary France by kings and emperors, and partly from the Prussian war machine, reconstructed in so formidable a fashion by Stein and other Prussians who had been beaten to their knees by Napoleon.

In the old Europe before 1800 the Catholic Church internationally limited the despotism of the Nation-State; but the decline of the Catholic Church and of other Churches has allowed and encouraged the State to annex many activities which were formerly in the province of the Church—notably in the matter of shaping public opinion. In 1850 Richard Cobden and his friends, who could see beyond national limits, formulated and, as regards British free trade carried out, an ideal of international well-being and co-operation; but this failed to achieve the success of Karl Marx’s ideas. The reduction of all citizens to a dead level at the mercy of every State was the actual achievement of the Marxian theory, which professed itself international; and in this respect German Socialism has been, though not quite consciously, of the greatest possible service to Prussian autocracy. The fact remains that as from 1850 onwards there has been a continuous tendency throughout continental Europe to raise the powers of the national State, not only in time of war, but

also in time of peace, to a level scarcely known before in the history of mankind.

In an interesting little essay Mr. Belfort Bax has analysed the power of the State from the time when men emerge from tribal and rural life into urban and civilised life. The ancient Empires, whether we take Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, or Rome as examples, are all "more or less loose confederacies of cities under an over-lordship, whose powers were mainly exercised in the direction of military service and of fiscal subsidies usually for war purposes." The coercive machinery of such Empires was therefore quiescent except in time of war; and the local centres and cities enjoyed considerable autonomy.

All this is even more true of mediæval Europe with its free cities, its territorial jurisdictions, and cosmopolitan Church and clergy. Even after the Renaissance, when the Nation-State became the "war-waging unit," a man like Erasmus in the sixteenth, or Grotius in the seventeenth, or Voltaire in the eighteenth century, could feel a citizen of Europe.

What then were the causes of the process by which, as from 1850 the State became the "arbiter of our consciences, the dictator of our truths, the censor of our morals, and the autocrat of our breakfast table"? We have noted the deification of the State in France under Napoleonic auspices; but this, after all, did not seriously affect the population in time of peace. In France, as in Ireland, the property of the small peasant and investor has always been the bulwark of individual liberty.

In Great Britain from 1850 to 1880 the influence of Mill and Spencer and Cobden resulted in an ideal of the State as nothing but a policeman, which Huxley called "administrative nihilism." It is as from 1880 that we observe an entirely new school of thought which, based on the teachings and writings of Carlyle, T. H. Green, Seeley, Ritchie, Charles Pearson, Edward Caird, Frederick Pollock, and Bosanquet prepared the way for the Fabians of our own day, whose influence on the government of this country is only too obvious at this moment.

Mr. Belloc is no doubt right in attributing the decline of individual liberty to the industrial revolution and the decline of the small freeholder and yeoman farmer. Mr. Shaw may be right in his view that the abolition of the right to riot in large cities by the creation of an efficient police force (start-

ing from the "Peelers") destroyed all instincts of liberty. But I believe that the primary influence at work was the combined influence of Hegel and Marx, whose advocacy of an autocratic State was enormously assisted by the astonishing prestige of German philosophy and ideas which has prevailed in England from 1880 to the present day.

It is, of course, absurd for the Harmsworth Press to suggest that Lord Haldane is the only person in Great Britain whose intellectual home was in Germany. ("Intellectual" is, by the way, a better translation of Lord Haldane's own word "*geistlich*" than "spiritual.") The whole of the governing class was steeped in German ideas of the State; and even to-day the British bureaucrat is always trying to ascertain and imitate what the German bureaucrat did yesterday. The governing class was largely educated at Balliol; and the Balliol dons from the time of Green and Ritchie always idolised the State. Edward Caird was soaked in the openly Prussian philosophy of Hegel; and the present Master has always preached "more State interference."

The whole idea of government was to organise not only the lives but also the opinions of the proletariat and to treat them as children, after the analogy openly expounded by Fitzjames Stephen in his book "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The "wise minority," wrote Stephen, is "justified in coercing the foolish majority for their own good," and is, in fact, under a duty to do so. That "coercion" should, if possible, take the form of hoodwinking followed as the night the day.

Now it is clear that the motives of these British rulers and philosophers were on the whole virtuous. They thought that the British proletariat, as Stephen thought that the population of Ireland or India, were always needing constraint "for their own good." But the philosophy which they borrowed had more sinister doctrines behind it. We must never forget that war is the "national industry of Prussia" and that the Prussian regards peace simply as a period of preparation for war, just as he regards any humanity in war as an illogical concession to an ideal of peace as a permanent condition of the human race. This sentence is no mere exercise in rhetoric. From the year 1500 onwards the Prussian has at least once in every fifty years brought the havoc and desolation of war into any territory he has coveted. The magic of robbery turns sand into gold for him.

Liberty has never existed except in an atmosphere which has not been poisoned by war or fear of war. There is conse-

quently no place for liberty in any scheme of Prussian philosophy or statecraft. The "foolish majority" that desires peace must, therefore, always be "coerced by the wise minority" that will never desist from war till the world becomes Prussian. The Prussian may, of course, retort that the more modern policy of Great Britain is only a hypocritical imitation of Prussian philosophy, and perhaps the more successful because of its hypocrisy. He may very plausibly argue that the governing class of Great Britain has by now contracted the habit of regarding its own industrial proletariat as if they were Irish or Indian or Egyptian.

But that argument is not really just. The British Government has always had finer motives in the background. Colonial administrators have encouraged cricket, cleanliness, agriculture, and kindness all over the face of the globe; but they have never tried to establish the reign of terror which Germany has never failed to establish in her colonies. Even the Prussian propagandist will scarcely venture to suggest that the British dominions or India have swelled the British Army in sheer fright of British resentment. Under British rule there has been a fine tradition of justice between man and man which is, in principle, based on a respect for human liberty.

Where, on the other hand, as in Ireland and India, the attitude of benevolent despotism has been adopted it has not conspicuously succeeded. The Indian problem is not at all the same problem as the Irish and need not be discussed here; but we may note that the ideal of Indian government, according to current Fabian thought, is one of self-determination, both political and individual. The Ireland of to-day is a little oasis of individual liberty in a world of military, and virtually industrial, conscription. But the Fabian attitude to Ireland is curiously inconsistent with Fabian principles; for the new Fabian shrieks at the bare idea of conscription or any coercive measures being applied to the one country in the British Empire which has successfully defied the power of modern Collectivism even in war time.

The only point on which Fabian propaganda remains consistent is in the Society's various schemes for a League of Nations, which are just as elaborate and top-heavy and likely to stir up the susceptibilities of small States as their old ideas of government were in regard to the proletariat. The small State is to be taught its place in the world as severely as the small man with three acres and a cow was to be taught his

place as a citizen in a State-owned system of agriculture; and the international parliament of Fabian imagination will, for all practical purposes and by reason of the voting powers given, be a body carrying out the ideas of the really big industrial States and imposing a vast international uniformity on the whole world. It is useless to tell the Fabian that the world can do without an international parliament, even if it requires an international tribunal, for *ex hypothesi*, the Fabian knows better than the small State or the small man what is good for it or him.

But as the Fabian is changing his views in regard to the question of individual liberty and is presumably open to reason on the question of national liberty, this is perhaps an opportune moment for briefly analysing what may seem perhaps two obvious though vital problems in regard to the working of the modern State.

The first of these problems is :—*What is to be the relation of the State to the general will and the welfare of the individual?* and the second is :—*How can the modern Nation-State co-exist with any International Commonwealth?* Both these questions must be answered in some detail before we are able to see how “created to make life possible, the State exists, or should exist, to make life better and not to make it intolerable by fear and frightfulness.”

Let us first examine the sanctions of the modern State by Rousseau's test of the “general will.” The general will may, in minor respects, not always coincide with the welfare of the individual; and if properly expressed and enforced it may often severely and justly restrain the activities of corporations. But the question is how to get the general will expressed *at all* in any larger unit than a Swiss township or except, clumsily, through the machinery of the Referendum. It is admitted that in driving the huge and complicated machinery of the modern State the executive ministers can only guess and assume what the general will demands. The general will obviously demands police protection and national defence, and, in times like the present, a strict organisation of man power and food and raw materials and war supplies. But in peace time what does any citizen really require of the State beyond the elementary regulation of Society? He does not spend his time crying for the moon in the shape of crazy experiments in what is called social reform. He merely wants equality of opportunity for all coupled with a reasonable system of modern taxation. The factory legislation and

compulsory education of the 19th century are excellent examples of State interference that is desired or tolerated by the general will; but, on the other hand, such measures have the grave disadvantage of encouraging just the sort of much less sound legislation which leads to what Mr. Belloc has christened the "Servile State." Mr. Belloc indeed traces the origin of the Servile State to the Poor Law legislation of Queen Elizabeth; but we need not dispute the question of origins too closely. His definition of the Servile State is "A State in which the mass of men shall be constrained *by law* to labour to the profit of a minority, but as the price of such constraint shall enjoy a security which the old Capitalism did not give them. . . . There are two contrasting *Status* of owners and non-owners. The first must not be allowed to leave the second without subsistence; the second must not be allowed to obtain that grip upon the means of production which is the privilege of the first."

The Insurance Act and many similar measures, unblushingly borrowed from Germany by British Liberal Ministers long before the war, started a tradition of servile legislation which has proved exceedingly dangerous in war time. I need only refer to the fortunately abortive strike at Coventry and elsewhere in July, 1918, when the issuing of secret instructions by the Minister of Munitions to employers which interfered with the skilled workman's right to sell his own labour, aroused protests even from the Socialist thinkers who had initiated the mischievous habit of the State, in collusion with the employer, riding roughshod over the individual idiosyncrasies of the artisan.

Tyrannical administration is no monopoly of emperors and kings; for in the larger sphere of politics there will always be interfering, bullying, and persecuting minorities who invoke the prestige of the general will for their own purposes and become intolerable unless vigilantly observed and controlled by counter-organisation. Denouncing the former interference of kings and squires and parsons, they indulge their own idiosyncrasies under the mask of general philanthropy; and the reign of King Log is exchanged for that of King Stork. The general will being an unknown quantity—indeed, almost a vacuum in the body politic—becomes the stalking-horse of every plutocratic faddist, bureaucratic mandarin, newspaper proprietor, or corrupt corporation, who all conspire in the universal game of dragooning any citizen who is too poor to resist the process.

Liberty is, like most English ideals, negative; but the

ideal implicit in the word is that every man should be able to follow his own vocation, and sense of vocation, so far as possible. It is, of course, impossible, except in the German Army, to allow a man with a genius for robbery by violence to pursue the noble art of burglary; but a civilised community can generally provide a substituted occupation in the walks of politics or finance. There are, indeed, some philosophers who tell us that the great surgeon is at heart, though unconsciously, a Sadist.

It is no doubt very difficult to achieve any really representative government; but our ancestors at least achieved a system of government in which unnecessary interference with the individual was never tolerated except under the spur of some urgent necessity. Again, wealth can never be equally distributed, if only because some men care much more about money than others; but France has at least achieved a Government under which a man need not find it impossible to invest his money with security or divorce his wife or enjoy immunity from bureaucratic interference merely because he is poor. Nor is it impossible to achieve what Mr. Wells condemns as "delegate democracy," in which elected representatives are not given a free hand to play ducks and drakes with public funds and private property alike. But we cannot create such a polity unless we secure the citizen against the prostitution and exploitation of the general will which results from a deification of the State as such. The encouragement of the small investor and a jealous control of the formation of opinion by the State or a particular group of newspapers are the first steps to be taken in this direction. The Fabians must not forget, and perhaps they are quite aware, that there is a new and growing enthusiasm for individual liberty among the working classes of Great Britain.

I now come to the second and perhaps even more burning question—How can the modern Nation-State co-exist with any International Commonwealth? The old problem of liberty occurs here and on a larger scale. We have often been told that the object of the present war is to preserve the character or soul of the small State from the bullying and persecuting activities of a supernational power. Under such conditions alone can a small State follow its sense of vocation. This object will certainly not be achieved unless we are content to start from the small beginnings of a league for mutual self-protection and the abolition of neutrality, as Lord Parker suggested in his speech to the House of Lords on the 19th March, 1918. To start with any more elaborate machinery

would at once encourage a combination of the bigger States to interfere, blindly and ignorantly, with the weaker members of the League in unessential matters and so create dissension from the first. A sound substructure is essential in the first instance; and the nations should not be forced into any co-operation that is not absolutely necessary for the supreme object of settling disputes without violence.

For side by side with the growth of the League, the international life of commerce and culture will be reviving as it did before the war; and the much-abused ideals of Cobden will reassert themselves in practice, and so give a fleshly covering to the dry bones of the original League. Nevertheless there will have to be a general recognition of the fact that no nation can expect to participate in the International Commonwealth without just that decent regard for the rights and privileges of others which the good citizen shows in the sphere of public and private life. Again, that general recognition can only be based on the spirit of "live and let live" which is connoted by all that we mean by the word "Liberty."

We must be prepared to tolerate variety and diversity instead of imposing the dead level of uniformity which is so dear to the Fabian mind and no doubt has its origin in the philosophy of German militarism. This great lesson was not lost upon the builders of the Roman and the British Empires and has been embodied in the best Christian philosophy, as we see in the great ideals of mediæval Europe or even in the post-Renaissance thought of Grotius.

Thinkers like Mr. Fell, and some Catholic theologians, maintain that no respect for liberty can ever exist except by the aid of supernatural sanctions. Whether this be true or not, we can at least all agree with Lord Acton that Liberty is the "delicate fruit of a mature civilisation," and that it cannot live and flourish without constant care and cultivation. For all these reasons it is clear that no League of Nations or international commonwealth will ever last more than a few years unless it is based on a respect for the liberty of the small State which will never be felt by politicians who have grown up in the Prussian and Fabian school of contempt for the liberty of the individual. The Fabian leaders would, therefore, be wise to start on a thorough reconstruction of their teaching so as to reconcile their recent enthusiasm for individual liberty with their original principles, or else to declare new principles; and they should, above all, remember the vital importance of liberty in any scheme for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

My Contest with Mr. Lloyd George

By Austin Harrison

TEN days before nomination day an officer who happened to be talking to me about a poem of his made a remark which set me thinking. He said, "What about this 'dud' election? Nobody wants it. The soldiers don't care a straw about an election in present conditions. Why do not one of you civvies go down and contest the Prime Minister's seat and shame him?" And so that evening I made up my mind to stand upon principle in the dreary "dud" election that nobody wanted.

Of course, I was a "carpet-bagger," and when I arrived with a small bag in the constituency I found that the last thing any man contemplated there was a contest. "Impossible!" one man told me. "Nobody dare sign your nomination paper."

I went to another town, but there opinion was even more resolute. "It can't be done." "It shall be done," I answered; whereupon my friend informed me that terrorism reigned in the Carnarvon Boroughs; it would cost a man his position to nominate me; it might cost the candidate his life.

"But surely," I urged, "Wales is the home of freedom? Mr. Lloyd George has fought great fights for Liberalism, for free speech. Did he not crush the old Tory landlordism of Bangor district? Are you all so delighted——" But here I found granite.

"We are not all delighted," was the reply. "Many of us are gravely concerned at the Prime Minister's *liaison* with Tory Junkerdom, as the *Daily Mail* put it; not a few of us distrust this Coalition deal, especially this rushed election. But, though numbers doubt, no man will nominate you. No man would dare to take the risk."

I expostulated, yet in vain. "This is terrorism," I cried, "in the 'land of your Fathers.' There must be a Welshman who will nominate me." And, lo! that afternoon there was such a Welshman. He nominated me for principle. That done, the spell was broken, and I found a seconder.

Armed with these signatures, I again sought out those elements which I could clearly see deeply resented the levity of the Prime Minister, but they refused to be persuaded. "Even if you got nominated, you could not hold a meeting," they said. "You would have to slink out of the constituency, and your candidature would be a farce."

"Not more so than the election," I pleaded; and I was glad to note that in this my friends concurred, but still I could find no supporters; and that night, the eve of the nomination day, I made up my mind to go back to London. Despised and rejected, I went out after lunch for a stroll, and ran up against one of the old "Contemptibles," to whom I explained the situation. "There is no difficulty," he told me. "The soldiers can't vote. They bitterly resent this bid for power behind their back. You want eight assentors. I'll get you a dozen in an hour."

At this juncture a Scot came along, and he joined in the search. Within two hours ten assentors filled the nomination paper, and then at tea we had a good laugh.

I was asked what Party was behind me, and when they heard that no Party was behind me, no machinery, no newspaper, no "whip" of any kind, the soldiers were elated. One of them consented to act as election agent, and left hospital for the job; and on the next day, having lodged my nomination with the deposit, I returned to London to get some collars, etc.

When I returned on the Monday evening I found definite progress had been made. Three meetings had been arranged. My election address, devoted to the League of Nations, was awakening interest. The alternative—conscription—was already recognised as a more arresting election cry than journalese talk about hanging the Kaiser, or who had really won the war: Mr. Lloyd George or the soldiers?

Being an absolute tyro in the election business, I should no doubt have been blocked out had it not been for the splendid support given me by my sergeant election agent, who not only ran the show in the teeth of the double election machinery, but turned out to be a very fine platform speaker.

We met with both usual and unusual opposition. None of my election literature was allowed to go to the 4,900 absent soldiers on the excuse that the date for the reception of such literature was November 27th—that is, a week before nomination—although an extra fortnight has been granted

to enable the soldiers to vote. That brilliant exhibition of "political strategy" will certainly lose me a number of votes, but I record it here as a sample of political honesty not easily beaten in a "free" country; and when I wired to the Prime Minister for an explanation, he telegraphed back that the Postmaster-General controlled, he didn't. What a curious position for a Prime Minister, not to be able to control his own election! I, of course, apologised to the electors for the Prime Minister's inability to give his opponent fair play; yet when those electors read a copy of Army Form Z30, with its unpleasant likeness to military and industrial conscription, many of them, I feel confident, formed a serious opinion about the meaning of the "carpet-bagger's" intrusion into the stronghold of the "great little Welshman."

I held three meetings, supported by the sergeant and a Major M.C.—at Llandudno, at Conway, at Bangor—and all three were successful, though at Conway our speeches were interrupted, and in the end the meeting musically dispersed. Still, I got through my speech at Llandudno on the League of Nations and the necessity of compelling the Prime Minister to be serious instead of talking about "no more Alsace-Lorraine" and "tripping up the God of War." In spite of organised opposition, and even a physical-force appeal to carry the platform, Sergeant Hildreth held the audience, and we parted on good terms, numbers of people coming up subsequently and shaking hands with my wife and me.

At Bangor our last meeting was really interesting. The hall—where Mr. Lloyd George made his fine stand against the Boer War—was packed, and I spoke practically without interruption, and in the end was even applauded. This ended my election work. Of course, I did not "do" the constituency on polling day. My wife and I went out for a stroll on the pier at Llandudno, and coming back we noticed a *posse* of Boy Scouts parading with a banner which bore the inscription, "Vote for Lloyd George and *No Conscription*."

With a quarter of the constituency arbitrarily disfranchised, my poll may appear insignificant, yet I claim the moral victory at the Carnarvon Boroughs, for at the eleventh hour posters appeared calling for votes for the Prime Minister and "*no conscription*," though only a day or so previously he had made a manifesto declaring that conscription depended upon the nature of the Peace.

My object had thus been obtained—to force the Prime

Minister to a clear statement of policy on the League of Nations, which he will now have to take seriously, because the only alternative is conscription—which, I can assure him, the soldiers and the electors of the Carnarvon Boroughs will take *very seriously*. And I venture to say that the Welsh thoroughly understood my motive in forcing upon them an unwelcomed contest. I met with much courtesy and quick intelligence. I thank them from these pages for their understanding and sympathy. They saw that I had not come among them as a cheeky candidate who sought to injure their national hero or to talk election insincerities, but rather, through them, to bring him back to his native inspiration. It was, perhaps, no peradventure that my first nominator was a man of Criccieth. As I stood on that shore in the Prime Minister's village we looked across the ocean to America—to the opportunity offered to Old Europe by the New World. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, I said, must work together for civilisation, and it was in this spirit that the Welsh listened to me.

The so-called "freak" election thus became a little demonstration of principle. Instead of attacking the Welsh idol, I pleaded for him, but I asked them to make him the old Lloyd George. From the Carnarvon Boroughs my cry for League of Nations spirit and League of Nations sincerity passed across the hills into the country, and finally became the issue of the election; and had Liberalism and Labour from the outset made that issue their platform, they would, I believe, have carried the country.

I think the good people of Carnarvon Boroughs will readily forgive my disturbance, for I am confident that I left them thinking. They enabled me to light a candle which will not now go out.

Perhaps I ought to mention that a couple of my assentors have since written to the local Press protesting that they did not know what papers they were signing. I notice, however, that these letters of protest are admirably written, and as a nomination paper is a simple document, bearing at the top in big letters the name of the candidate with those of his nominators, I find it difficult to understand how a man came to write his name as assentor *by mistake*, unless, of course, he is unable to read, which clearly does not apply to the two protesters, or blind, which, I am glad to say, is not the case.

Mr. Lloyd George had finally to be voted for on posters declaring him to be the man for "no conscription" in startling

contradiction to his manifesto three days before the poll; he will have to work and think very hard for the League of Nations if he intends to stand by his mandate. He will have to do this, because the men and women in the Boroughs expect him to endorse his election posters. That test was my object. It has been achieved. In the Carnarvon Boroughs we stood at the points of Imperial statesmanship on the eve of the most decisive world Conference in history. At his peril the Prime Minister will ignore the signal transmitted from his own hills and quarries.

Peace or War?

By Austin Harrison

PERHAPS the chief difficulty of the Allies at the Peace Conference, out of which the principles governing the League of Nations are to be defined, will lie in the formulation of justice towards an enemy who has shown such cold brutality in war, and particularly towards helpless prisoners. At the beginning of the war I wrote again and again about this German "intelligent brutality." I showed that it was part of the German military system, terrorism being an accepted instrument of their war-theory, and I therefore urged that we should take very strong Governmental measures to bring home to the Germans that reprisals would be immediately adopted in the event of their necessity. But at that time the Government failed to understand the enemy. I was laughed at for presuming to "instruct" them. To-day the story of the prisoners presents a terrible indictment calculated in no small way to influence the work of construction. It is one of those things that we are not likely to forget, and will brand the Germans for generations.

At this hour, none the less, it is the duty of every man who writes to weigh his words, for the need of the hour is of fearless sincerity. I could not help feeling this the other evening in a railway carriage, where I sat with some half-dozen repatriated prisoners, and they told me of their sufferings. But just before I got out, a man who had hitherto been silent, spoke. He had been a prisoner since 1914.

"We must not forget," he said, "the number of old men, women, and children who died from semi-starvation due to the blockade. Thousands died. That is why the Germans treated the English so badly. They treated the French quite well. It was us they ill-treated, and they said openly, 'Because we were starving them.'"

So spoke a soldier. His words represent the other side. They constitute yet one more reason why the nations should try to remove the causes of war, try to make war in modern scientific conditions what it certainly is, a shame to European civilisation.

The other difficulty will be perspective or vision. When

Mr. Lloyd George the other day said that conscription depended upon the terms of peace, he showed his inability to think as a statesman; and that will be our danger. What he said is, of course, a platitude, but it also is the whole issue. We can make terms of peace which will necessitate conscription, which, therefore, will automatically invalidate any idea of a League of Nations; and this we *can do voluntarily and involuntarily*. It will depend upon whether we take a long or a short view.

Men and women should attentively realise this, because afterwards it will be too late. If, for example, France is allowed to annex the left bank of the Rhine—and the proposal has been put forward in the Press—we shall be compelled to maintain an Army of a million men, with conscription as the basis of the reserves. There will be no escape from this. France, with a declining population before the war, will not have the men permanently to hold the annexed territory—unaided. If we allow ourselves to be involved into making a peace of annexation, the ultimate defence of that territory will fall upon us; its condition will control all our foreign policy; will definitely associate us with the European system; must compromise our whole outlook and our military policy. We shall not be free to be independent; we shall be bound to France. Now that must entail conscription, which is the very thing we entered the war to destroy.

Needless to say, there will be no League of Nations in such an eventuality.

Similarly, if we compel German disruption—and this proposal has also been mooted on the ground of security—such disruption, by the very nature of things, is not likely to be permanent. Indeed, as an argument of construction it will not bear examination. Again, only force can maintain a structure of force disruption. But force breeds force. Any such power demarcation will necessitate power control. Its corollary is conscription, and all that we shall have accomplished will be conscription here to prevent it there—in other words, Western Europe will have to continue militarism to stifle its reappearance in Central Europe.

Can we safely undertake this task, even if we want to? There is still the immense potentiality of Russia to deal with. Nations cannot be crushed permanently. If we attempt the *rôle* of the Holy Alliance, we shall breed opposition and lay the foundation for an even greater war.

These are quite obvious truths. When, therefore, poli-

ticians speak of conscription as dependent upon the nature of peace, they are clearly thinking militarily; all the more so as at the present moment our enemy lies prostrate at our feet.

We are in the position of being able to make any peace we like. We can make a peace of lasting value, or we can make a peace of revenge, necessitating conscription. Now the former means a League of Nations peace; the latter means simply the old peace of imperialism.

That is our British responsibility. Failure to obtain a League of Nations peace means continuous armaments or conscription, and there is no alternative. And any peace which treats Germany as an outlaw or forces conditions upon the Germans incompatible with the right of opportunity will have to be upheld by force—which, needless to say, will be a dangerous experiment in the absence of a militarist Russia as Ally; still more so in the absence of America, who is hardly likely to associate herself with the European power system on an Allied power basis. The balance of power has been changed, to what extent the war has shown us. The war—war is a matter of balance—was won because at the supreme crisis America was able to throw into the balance her magnificent young troops, thereby turning the scales, as Marshal Joffre recently said. But without that American balance a force peace would not be a permanent peace. We and France would have to remain armed to the teeth, the guardians of our annexations, and eventually that would become a democratic issue, and might even become a revolutionary issue.

This must be stated unequivocally at this hour, because the elections here—held for no ostensible reason except, perhaps, to down Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald—indicate a militarist intention on the part of the Coalition, which, if not corrected, will lead to chaos. Paradoxically, our danger has become militarism. We can only avert it by seeking to make a League of Nations a reality, but we can only do this by sincerity.

On the whole, the conditions are promising, because of the frightful alternative before us. That is why a fearless, independent statesmanship on our part is of such vital importance. If we are led away to impose conditions which are unjust—and by unjust I do not mean the question of punishing the Kaiser and those proved responsible for crimes such as the foul murder of Captain Fryatt; of exacting an

indemnity sufficient to repair the damage done to civilian France and Belgium; of controlling for a decade, perhaps, Germany's armaments (these are just demands)—we shall fall into error.

We dare not, for instance, fight for nationality and at the same time debar the Germans from claiming nationality. We cannot annex for purely strategic reasons unless we are prepared to continue to think strategically. We cannot undertake to control Europe except at the price of conscription; and if we do, then the less said about the League of Nations the better.

I will not refer to the election nonsense, which the Prime Minister apparently approved, and talked about a £30,000,000,000 indemnity, because any banker could tell him it was an impossibility. As a question of justice, no doubt Germany owes the Allies about £50,000,000,000. But the real question is *method of payment*, and as a nation can only pay in this world by gold, service, or commodities, it is clear that unless we are willing to enslave the Germans and make them toil for us for a hundred years—and the idea is unthinkable—the limit of an indemnity, particularly if at the same time we are not disposed to trade with Germany, is easily fixed because easily ascertainable. In this last instance Germany's refuge is Bolshevism.

The real issue, then, before the world is whether militarism can be rendered unnecessary; and really nothing else matters, because all reconstruction here must depend upon European construction or order. All the conditions for construction are present as never before in history. Not only has war been found out, but the forces which make war have been found out. We have discovered new values. We stand thus at the threshold of a new meaning to history. It is to find the definition and equation of opportunity.

This, of course, means sacrifice of attitude. It means that the world is to be invited to think, not on the map of ambitious isolations, but as a whole for the whole.

In this essentially democratic work Britain should lead the way. We entered this war with absolutely clean hands; our task is thus educative, corrective, constructive. The monster of war lies at our feet. Europe literally has been fought down to her own militarist negation. We hold the scales—on sea and on land. We and America are the masters of the world. We and America can be the true founders of the new morality.

I do not think we shall fail in our tremendous responsibility, because the sanction behind our rulers is democracy, and on their decisions lies the fate of democracy the whole world over. The question is the possibility of the co-operative order. Stupendous as the problem no doubt is, the framework is ready, arising truthfully out of the "wreck of its own contemplation." The Old Europe of military monarchism has passed away. New Europe is in the throes of labour. This is our world responsibility. What we build will depend upon how we think at the great Peace Conference—whether, that is, we go to it as conquerors or creators.

For that reason *publicity is the precondition of success*. The world must understand its problems if it is to solve them. The difficulties of Empire must be understood and handled co-operatively, not competitively. Men and women must be asked to think aloud if they are to be expected to sacrifice. The appeal must be truly democratic—that is, public.

We have the problem of Ireland. Is this miserable blot upon the common sense of our civilisation to remain the jetsam of political intrigue? Again, we have to think of Japan with her unsatisfied imperial ambitions, her problem of colour, her case for militarism. In all map readjustments we ought to think unswervingly on principle, with our eyes fixed upon the future, and particularly where new nations are created and new imperial boundaries are promoted to meet an immediate and strategic need. It is easy to alter the map; it is very difficult to secure those alterations, because life is growth and change is the law of life.

To hope to establish finality would therefore be childish. To hope to establish any permanent interest of power at the expense of other peoples would be the negation of our object of entering the war, and would accomplish nothing durable. Only by rigid adherence to accepted principle can we build hopefully. Only by vision shall we create.

We go to the Peace Conference to establish the true democratic principle of opportunity, the alternative being chaos and militarism. In our present temper many are no doubt for the militarist view, but in the Armies the soldiers are against militarism. They know what war implies. They do not want what is styled a "soldiers'" peace, they want a peace of reality; and those who imagine that this is a mere sentimental opinion err conspicuously. As there is no sentiment about a machine-gun, so there is none in the Army.

Now the Army, *pace* a farcical election, will be the democracy of to-morrow. To ignore that future opinion will be to take a tremendous risk. The fact is really of good augury.

The other day a very distinguished airman said to me: "In the next war there will be no flying. The machines will be depolarised." What the soldiers want is to depolarise war. It can be done in present conditions at least for a very long period. But this cannot be achieved by mere force control. It can only be brought about by just conditions, by providing opportunity, by the elastic regularisation of that opportunity. The *mot d'ordre* of our task should thus be life, nowhere death. Our values will consequently be creative, not merely power values, and that will be the supreme test. It should not prove so difficult, for to-day we and America are virtually one in form and aim of civilisation, and together we control absolutely. Nor can I discover any reason for fear. We both of us fought to remove a spirit, the dæmon of war. We need not have done this, yet we rightly did so for a common purpose. Our thought to-day should fear no break of continuity. Rather the contrary. The two English-speaking civilisations have come together in war for the great end of peace. They stand hand-in-hand together roping the world. Their purpose is henceforth one. Who at this splendid hour of common achievement would venture to disturb that harmony? What slattern voice would rob us of this magnificent unity, of this unparalleled twin sanction? The fear, where expressed, of a League of Nations is not genuine. It arises from misunderstanding. It is passion, not thought. Its limitations are thus our statesmen's justification.

Of course, the face of the world will not be changed in a week, or even in six weeks. Perhaps at Paris only principles can be laid down, and no doubt we shall have to proceed slowly. Great national conferences will be needed to obtain the requisite knowledge of the problems at issue, to obtain the publicity necessary, to secure the educational wisdom essential to sanction. For decree will not suffice, or mere authority. If Empires are to be deflected from militarism, satisfactory accommodation must be found acceptable to the peoples concerned, and here responsibility must be cosmic. First of all, definitions must be regularised, problems must be understood, the world in judgment must sit openly.

I do not myself see how any real progress can be made

unless the nations co-operate in a World Declaration of Rights or principles, and that not merely of law, which means authority, but of sanction, which alone can condition creation. Such a charter would have to be truly cosmic and applicable to all peoples. It would define the rights of Empires, the rights of nations, the rights of minorities and of property, and if it were founded on assent we should clearly have a new international principle and something like a true religion of policy. Any other form of control can only be ephemeral because arbitrary, can only hope to be a beginning. Already a great danger exists in the proposed re-creation of nations with almost inevitably unsatisfied ambitions, especially as a new map may prove to be a poor economic investment. A Declaration of Rights would seem the only way to rebuild satisfactorily, if only because a charter of international principle would seem the only way to control the ambitions of rulers, to render obsolete the curse of secret diplomacy and of secret treaties; to make martialism unpopular because unnecessary.

The question reduces itself to this: Is mankind ready for such a charter? And, if so, how are the peoples to obtain it? The answer to the first we shall shortly discover at the Peace Conference. The answer to the second must depend upon publicity. To obtain the necessary publicity, special National Conferences would appear imperative, or there will be no true sanction. Yet the world in chaos to-day needs sanction as much for change as for no change, for such is the democratic lesson of the war. It is the logical result of conscription, which means service to country, carried, as it has been carried in this war, to its fullest limits, military and civil. Thus service has become the sanction that constitutes a real element of progress in government. Henceforth there will have to be sanction for war. The problem therefore is whether that sanction cannot be made an international responsibility rooted in a common charter. If not, then militarism must continue and the idea for which the war was fought will have proved a failure.

But in that case there will be this paradox to contend with, that the victors, forced to continue their armaments, may find themselves hindering their own economic development. Here the Russian situation will affect Europe decisively. It is possible that Russia will emerge as the pure Socialist State; it is conceivable that a Socialist Germany may arise in economic union with her eastern neighbour, and such a con-

dition, constituting the major part of Europe, must influence the lesser parts, and the less militarist this Socialist majority becomes, the greater may be its economic value. The problem of Russia is thus an integral part of European welfare and responsibility. For what has crashed to the ground is the great monarchical system based on war. We do not know what new system will succeed it, but some new system will, and so far as Europe is concerned it is bound to exercise an important influence, not only upon the rest, but upon the whole. Development will surely be slow, tempestuous, tortuous, particularly in Russia with a 70 per cent. illiterate population.

Again, only principle as the authority of sanction can hope to establish anything in the shape of permanent order or policy which will not once more dissolve into insulations and so antagonisms, and so ultimately into values of power grouped, perhaps, not so much on national lines as on interest of economic or social systems. If, then, we are to have a charter of international rights, we must have great conferences, through which alone we can have the necessary publicity and so the necessary sanction.

The problems of nations are problems of life, and they can only be dealt with constructively in that spirit. That will be our and President Wilson's opportunity. Assuredly the world never had a greater one. To approach it with levity is an affront to our dead and a slur upon common sense. Much, perhaps all, will depend upon the courage and independence of our statesmanship. We and America hold the balance, and it will be our business to strike the balance. We can bring about harmony and disarmament, or we can bring back conscription. That is the issue of the greatest Peace Conference in history. If the thought of the world looks to President Wilson, the responsibility of the Prime Minister is no whit the less. For he holds in his hands the fate of Peace or War.

Books

THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE and THOMAS J. WISE. Heinemann. 2 vols. 21s. net.

THESE two volumes, long expected, may, I think, prove to hold some disappointment for those who have awaited them with most eagerness. There is no master whose intimate personality has a greater interest for his disciples than the writer of these letters; yet it is precisely this personal and intimate Swinburne about whom they tell (almost as of intention) nothing at all. One knows already what were the poet's public interests: books, his own and other people's, certain questions of politics, and the old dramatists. His letters, which might have revealed so much more, remain constant to these limits; indeed, since even political affairs are hardly touched upon, the collection becomes of an interest almost entirely literary, notes either of technical detail or expert criticism, valuable as showing Swinburne's keen judgment and discrimination, but otherwise bafflingly objective. In so far as events of the poet's life are touched upon, these volumes should be read in conjunction with the recent biography; without this as guide the reader may occasionally find himself at sea, the joint editors having been almost too modest in their allowance of footnotes. In their admirable brief introduction these gentlemen tell us that the correspondence is by no means exhausted by the present collection, and, in particular, mention the possible survival of a group of letters to Mazzini. These perhaps apart, it seems unlikely that further examples would modify a conclusion that Swinburne was not among the great English letter-writers, certainly that the epistolary form was not one that appealed to him as a medium of self-expression. What unconscious revelation we do find is the one surprise of the book. Even in the early revolutionary years the spirit of these pages is compact less of imagination than of gentility. One sees the writer as a personage of good family (not insignificant that the epithet gentlemanly occurs more than once as a term of approval) and literary taste; also, it is only fair to add, as a courteous, generous, and appreciative friend. But of the flaming torch there is here hardly a glimmer.

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